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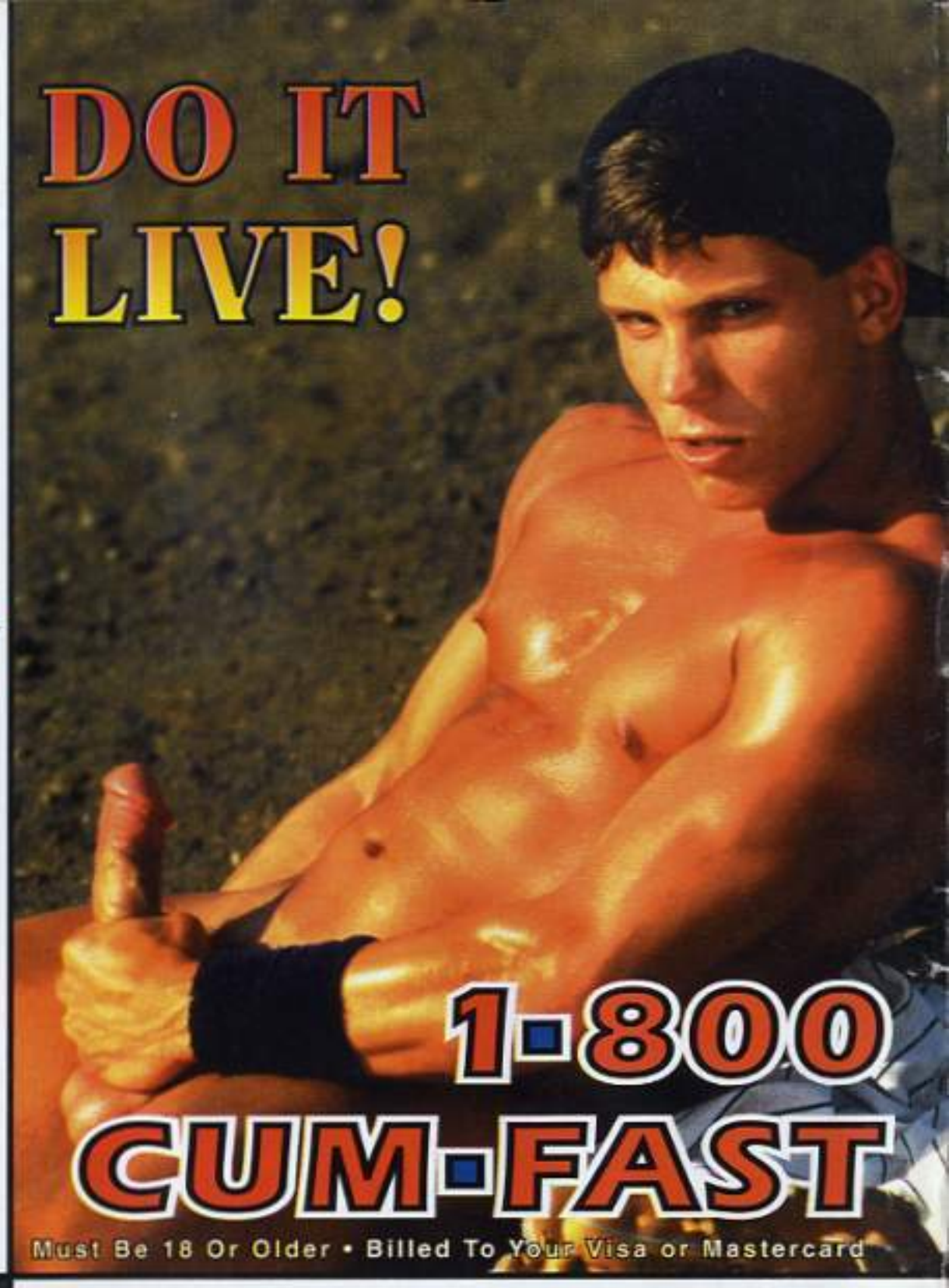

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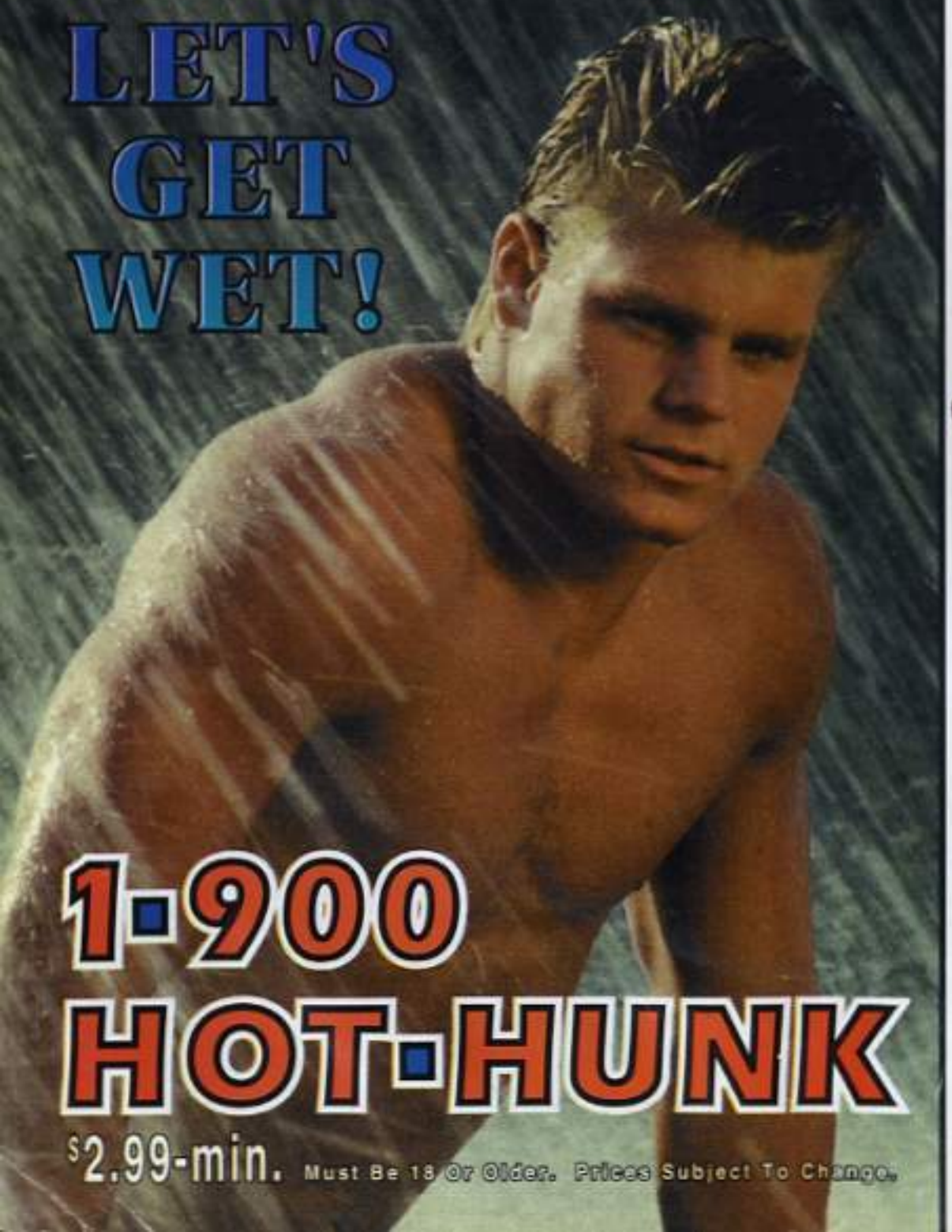

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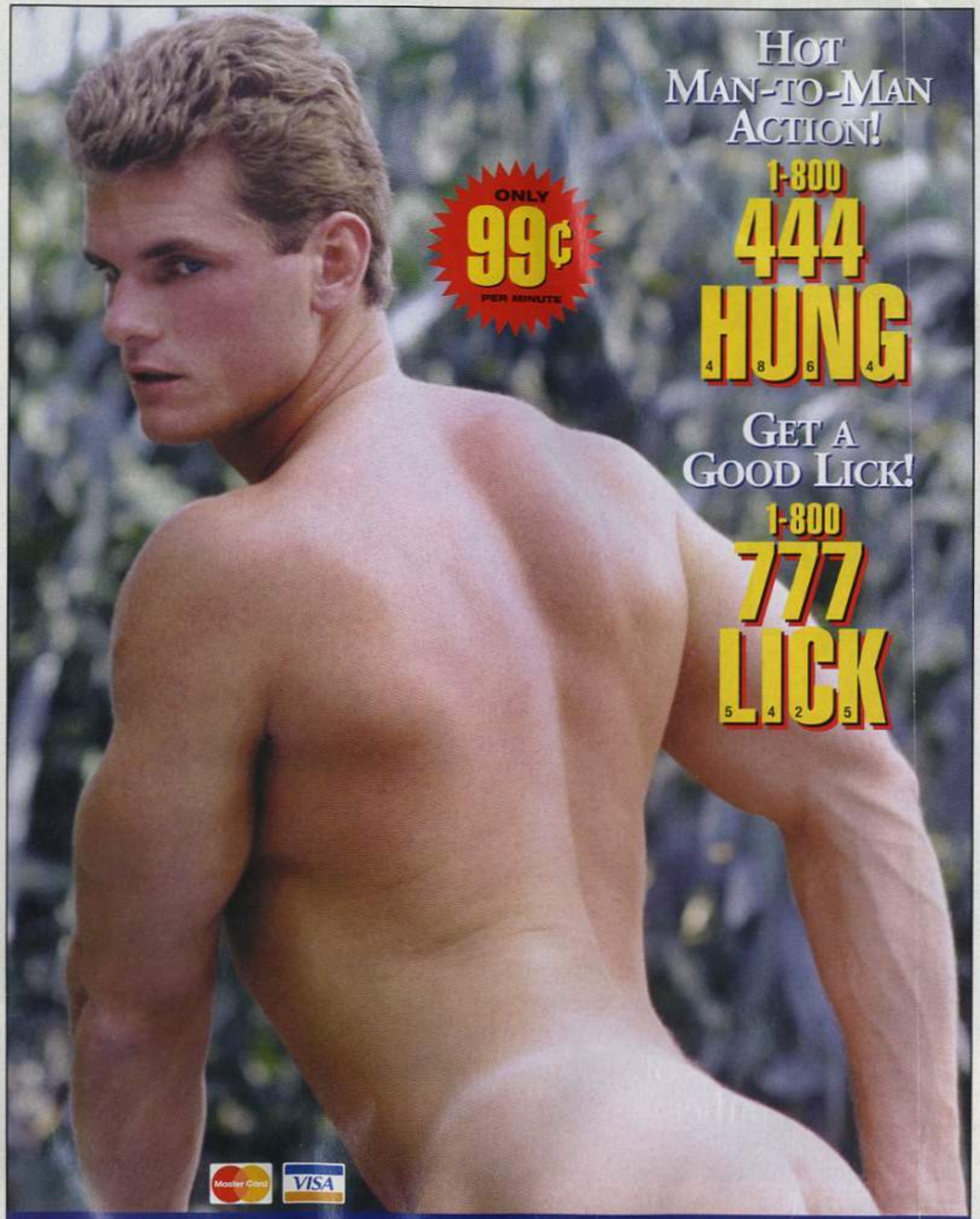
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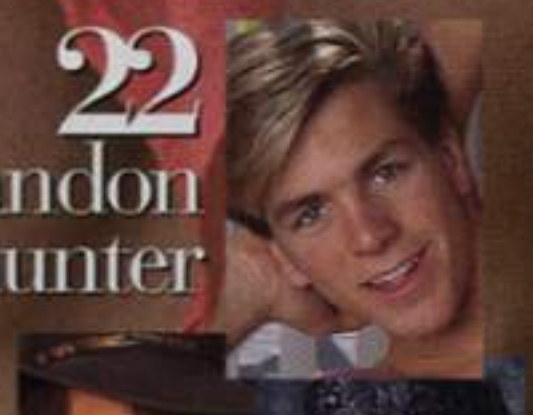

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freshmen P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078; (213) 871-1225; fax (213) 467-6805. **Editor In Chief:** Jeff Yarbrough; **Executive Editor:** Gerry Kroll; **Editor:** Fred Goss; **Managing Editor:** Michael W. Elkins; **Copy Editors:** H. Abigail Bok, John Jameson, Steve Landau; **Creative Director:** Ron Goins; **Art Director:** Christopher Harrity; **Art Assistant:** Martin Garcia; **Production Manager:** A.E. Esken. **ADVERTISING Advertising Director:** Caryn Goldberg (213) 871-1225, fax (213) 467-0173; **Advertising Representative:** Neil Horoho (213) 468-0392, fax (213) 464-2982; **Advertising Services:** Tom Carlisle. Published by Liberation Publications Inc., P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.

freshmen (ISSN 1060-5266) is published monthly by Liberation Publications Inc. Subscription rates: one year (12 issues), $54; two years (24 issues), $104. Yearly subscription rates outside U.S.: $69, payable in U.S. funds. Single copies available at $5.95 plus $2.50 postage and shipping, prepaid in U.S. funds only. Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA and at additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to ***freshmen***, P.O. Box 591, Mount Morris, IL 61054-0591.

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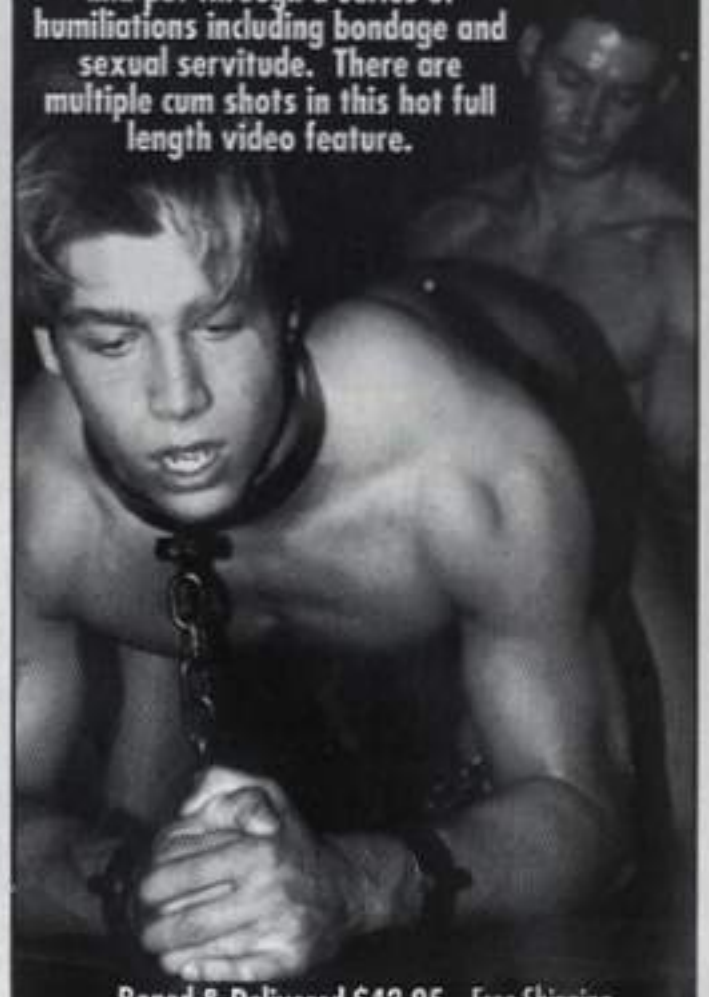

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letters

CHEST NUT
I'm just writing to tell you that I think your January 1995 issue with Benny Drew ("Plaid About the Boy") was great! Benny is extremely handsome, and I especially enjoyed the shot of his chest and belly button on page 30. He turns me on so much! Please let him know that I appreciate all his hard work in getting his body so beautiful and that I thank his parents for having him!

M.W.
Palm Beach, Fla.

[*And what does that make us, chopped liver? You might thank us too, you know. Oh, but why bother? After all, we're only the ones who so selflessly brought him to you. Sheesh! Some people...* –Ed.]

BENNY'S FROM HEAVEN
More please of Benny Drew. I'll spend all of 1995 with my dildo, which I've decided to name Benny! I also want to offer my belated appreciation of the October 1994 issue featuring Roman Tabac and Steve Nars, both of whom have kept my nipples and dick hard constantly. Hopefully, you'll provide many future features of these Greek gods.

And speaking of gods, January's Major Meat, with Cort Stevens, left me breathless. *Please, please, please* give us a full layout on Cort. Great work, guys. Keep it up.

J.G.
Denver, Colo.

[*Oh, puhle-e-e-z, don't beg so. That's no way to get a man, you know. It's when he thinks you're not interested at all—that's when you'll have him wrapped around...well, not your little finger.*–Ed.]

BAREFOOT IN THE DARK
I have very intense fantasies looking at all your great models. Those guys are out of this world! Especially Benny Drew, who knocked my socks off. I loved the shot of his spread cheeks, exposing his inviting and mouthwatering asshole. My tongue would certainly work overtime to please him. Many thanks, and keep up the good work!

R.M.
Rhinebeck, N.Y.

WILD THING
I have looked at lots of gorgeous bodies before in your magazine, but there is something about Benny Drew that drove me wild! His face looks so sweet and gorgeous, and his build is just fantastic. Where did you find him? Is he gay or straight? I need answers!

E.V.
Santa Cruz, N.M.

[*Sorry, Evie. Some things in life are just meant to remain unexplained mysteries to us forever, like who really shot JFK...and Kimberly's wig on* Melrose Place.–Ed.]

IF I COULD BE ABU
My lover and I believe your January issue is one of the best you've ever printed. The "regular stuff" was interesting, the "dirty stories" not bad, the "regular guys" hot, and Benny Drew—well, let's just say that our cocks are *still* hard!

Benny is a cute young hunk. What a wonderful choice for cover boy! Of course, it had to be one of Bel Ami's boys. (Where does he find them—and why can't I?) With Benny's natural looks and puppy-dog eyes, he reminds me of the cartoon character Aladdin. Well, I'll be his Abu anytime!

Rick Lawrence is also very handsome. I loved how he did his slow, page-to-page strip to show us his beautiful bare torso, shaved ass and balls, and his wonderful cock.

We also enjoyed the interview in Major Meat

Letters

with 19-year-old Cort Stevens. Too bad more boys couldn't be like him! It's great to see boys from the younger side of Generation X. Keep it up with the always-interesting features and the hot young hunks!

R.W. and S.J.
Phoenix, Ariz.

[*Before I say another word, I just want to know which of the two of you is volunteering to become a two-dimensional cartoon monkey with no genitalia.*–Ed.]

HAIR WE GO AGAIN

I was so excited when I feasted my eyes on hunky Tom Turrel in your January issue. God, is he hot! I got so horny, I had to strip and go jack off. He is one sexy fucker! In fact, my copy of the magazine is open to that stud's layout, and I have a raging hard-on now as I write this letter.

Tom's hairy body and that big, fat cock are superb. He can crawl into my bed anytime. I'd love to have Tom mount me and fuck my asshole raw! He must be really hot in action. Could you please try to feature more hairy hunks like him?

Another hot fucker in the same issue was Danny Ozmond. He sports quite a dick. I sure wish I could take care of it for him and then bury my face in his hairy crotch! Needless to say, he did a great job of getting me off.

So tell me: How do your photographers control themselves when they are at work with these sexy guys? I know I couldn't.

I commend you on the excellent quality of your magazine–your selection of hot guys, the dirty stories, etc. Keep up the good work, and keep all those big cocks coming every month!

L.H.
Williamsburg, Iowa

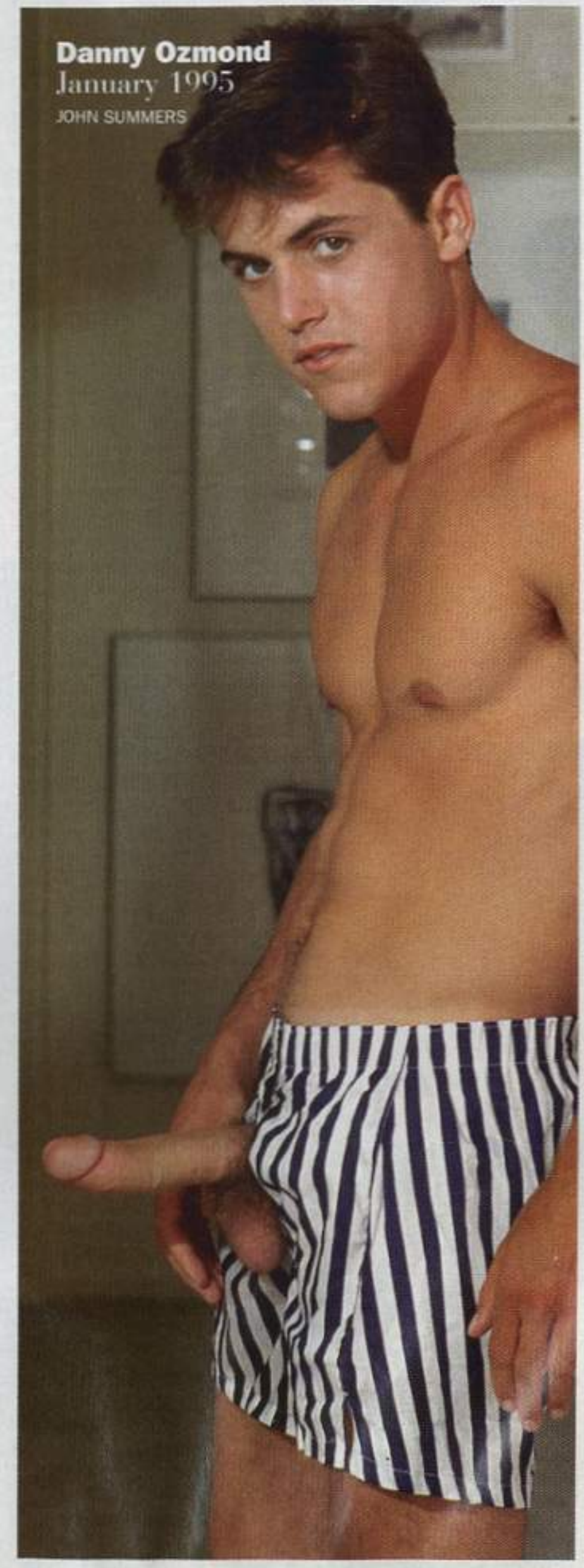
ATTEN-*HUT!*

My admiration for clean-cut men was well-satisfied when you featured Danny Ozmond in your magazine. It's amazing how much he resembles the pop icon himself. I must admit that his angelic I-dare-you look really shot off my "soldier of love"–and then some! Thanks so much!

N.C.
Salt Lake City, Utah

[*Pop icon? Pop icon?* What *pop icon? What the fuck are you prattling on about?*–Ed.]

We welcome letters from readers. We will gladly forward letters to our models; however, we cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to* FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.



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Major

Wolff

The sound of the name Wolff might make you conjure up a vicious, snarling beast—evil yellow eyes gleaming in the dark, cruel fangs bared and snapping, saliva dripping from its blood-red, slobbering tongue. Sounds like a kinky porn dude, huh? In reality this Wolff is a beautiful, soft-spoken young German lad with curly blond hair, sensitive blue-gray eyes, a pierced nipple, and the cutest set of ears you'll ever see wiggle. In a relatively short time, Wolff has made a name for himself on the Los Angeles porn scene, offering up his world-class buns and his many other charms in such raunch epics as *The Wild Ones* and *Boot Black*. The best thing is, he always seems to have such a good time doing it! In a recent one-on-one, the dreamboat from *Deutschland* talked about how he came to the United States, when (and how) he lost his virginity, and just how many billiard balls a shy German bottom can take up his butt.

by Jamoo

Meet

Jamoo: How long have you been doing movies?
Wolff: For about a year and a half.
Jamoo: How did you get started?
Wolff: Well...I'd always wanted to do it, and I just happened to run into the right people.
Jamoo: Who did you run into?
Wolff: John Coletti from Fox Studio. I did my first scene for him.
Jamoo: You're from Germany?
Wolff: *Ja.* I was born in Dusseldorf, but I lived the last eight years in Berlin.
Jamoo: And when did you come to America?
Wolff: In 1988. I like to travel, but the winters in Berlin are freezing, so I prefer it here.
Jamoo: Have you done modeling before?
Wolff: Yes, I've done catalogs and some Jean Paul Gaultier shows. I've also done fashion photography, but as a model I'm too short, because after the girls put on the heels and the wigs, they're 6 feet 1, so you have to be at least 6 feet 2. I'm only 5 feet 11.
Jamoo: Other than porn videos, what else do you do?
Wolff: I've done landscaping, painting, translation work, and writing.
Jamoo: What do you write? A sex diary?
Wolff: Not a sex diary. But I have a character I invented who is very sexual and does the things I wouldn't normally do. When I came out, AIDS was already here, so I never got to whore around in dark rooms having wild sex. This character of mine does it.

MALIBU SALES

Jamoo: Does he go to the Zone?
Wolff: No, he doesn't need to go to sex clubs. He gets it in back alleys.
Jamoo: Wolff is prowling the alleys?
Wolff: *Ja.*
Jamoo: You're gay, aren't you? I mean, you're not bisexual or straight like some porn stars?
Wolff: I hate labeling. We are all sexual beings, but I love being gay because I have the choice to suck or get sucked or fuck or get fucked or just jack off or just watch. That's what I love about being gay—having choices.
Jamoo: When did you lose your virginity—I mean being with a man whether it was oral or anal sex?
Wolff: It was early. I was in Germany in an outside public pool and being nosy—wanting to check it out. I always had this oral fixation about having a dick in my mouth, and the moment I had it in my mouth, I stopped and left. I was 13 at the time, and it was in the locker room. I remember seeing it and holding it, and it was really nice.
Jamoo: Was it a big dick?
Wolff: *Ja!* It was a big dick.
Jamoo: Do you prefer big dicks or little ones?
Wolff: It depends on where they want to go with it.
Jamoo: How big is your dick?
Wolff: I never, ever measured it. I guess about eight.
Jamoo: You're European, so I guess you're uncut, right?
Wolff: *Ja.*
Jamoo: What type of guys do you generally like?
Wolff: It varies. I go for eyes, then teeth, then hair; those things are all important to me. I watch how a person carries himself and uses his hands. I like to look into someone's eyes too.
Jamoo: Who have you worked with?
Wolff: Zak Spears, Brad Hunt, Rick Donovan...
Jamoo: Are you a top or a bottom in your videos?
Wolff: Pretty much a bottom. I make a better bottom, but in my private life I like to have versatile sex and play around and hang out.
Jamoo: What's your favorite sexual thing to do?
Wolff: I still have that same fixation. I'm very oral—I love sucking dick.
Jamoo: What about licking ass?
Wolff: That's very intimate, like when you're already building a relationship.
Jamoo: Have you done it in any of your movies?
Wolff: You mean rimming? *Ja*, I did it in *Seeds of Love.*
Jamoo: Who has been your favorite actor to work with so far?
Wolff: Probably Zak Spears, because he is such a hot man and a sweet guy, and he's a sexual pig and hairy too.
Jamoo: So you like hairy guys?
Wolff: *Ja.* I like a lot of hair, but if it's there it's there; if it's not, it's not.
Jamoo: You're very easy to please.
Wolff: I like to share myself and be comfortable with a man, and it's all how you carry yourself. You can be ugly, but if you're comfortable with yourself, we'll have a good time.
Jamoo: I see your left nipple is pierced. When did you get that done?
Wolff: My first visit to L.A. I was here about a week, and the Saturday before the riots in 1992 I had it pierced.
Jamoo: Why?
Wolff: First of all, I did it because the interest was there, and then I also wanted to prove to myself that I could stand a certain limit of pain. When it's done it goes so fast that you don't feel it as much as you think.
Jamoo: Do guys like it?
Wolff: I guess most of them do. It's become something to do in the '90s, and most guys like it because it's something they want to do themselves or something they've done. Once, when I was in a bakery picking out some things, this woman kept staring at me. I realized I was pinching my nipple while I was pointing out things I wanted, because I always play with my left nipple with my right hand. Since I got the ring, I find I'm always doing that and pulling on it in public.
Jamoo: Do you like a lot of sex, or just sometimes? I'm asking because people think porn stars want sex all the time.
Wolff: My sex drive varies. I like sex, and I am very sexual, but I'm not looking for it all the time. If I go on a date and we fuck, I might jack off before I leave the house to get rid of being horny, so that if we do fuck, it's not just because we're horny but because we want to make love. If you go on a date with all this tension and you're horny and start having sex, then five minutes later you come, and it's over.
Jamoo: Would you say Europeans are more passionate? In American porn it seems like the guys are just fucking, but in the European ones and in Kristen Bjorn's films, even though they're fucking, it seems like they're making love and are more passionate about it. There's more kissing and touching, you know what I mean?
Wolff: Yeah. That's a hard question to answer. I think part of it is the editing. American editing is so fast, they cut all that stuff out. You're in the clothes, then out of the clothes so quickly, and then the dick goes in the ass, and they don't want to see how you get hard and everything in between. But all in all, I believe gay people all over the world are the same. You have the leather ones, the drag ones, the in-the-closet ones—they're all the same.
Jamoo: Do you have any fetishes?
Wolff: I like leather.
Jamoo: Your ears wiggle!
Wolff: What?
Jamoo: I just noticed them wiggle.
Wolff: *Ja?*
Jamoo: You should do that in a video.
Wolff: I didn't know I could do it.
Jamoo: What can you tell me about yourself that people might think is strange?
Wolff: I guess the pool balls in *The Wild Ones* was strange.
Jamoo: What did you do?
Wolff: You haven't seen it?
Jamoo: I'm embarrassed to confess that I haven't. But I'll have to make sure I do.
Wolff: When you do Catalina or Falcon, you have this script where

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you're a gym boy coming home or whatever character they want you to be, but in *The Wild Ones* I got to be myself, and I did it with Zak. We were on a pool table, and he put pool balls up my butt.

Jamoo: Really? How many?

Wolff: The cue ball and the eight ball.

Jamoo: Did it hurt?

Wolff: No.

Jamoo: Did you push them back out?

Wolff: *Ja.* You should get the movie.

Jamoo: I *need* to get this movie.

Wolff: I loved working with Zak. I could not wait till the day of the shoot. I met Zak long before the film and was always interested in him. We found out we had a mutual interest in each other, so it went really well. It was the most natural film I ever did because we just went with it and enjoyed ourselves. Pool balls have a good weight—they're heavy, so they don't move a lot, and they felt really good up my butt.

Jamoo: Tell me some of the other things that have been up your butt.

Wolff: You really want to know this stuff, don't you?

Jamoo: Yeah!

Wolff: Well...I was always a creative person. I remember in the earlier days I started with a broomstick.

Jamoo: Me too! When was the first time you ever came?

Wolff: It was when I was 12. I went to the bathroom with a cartoon magazine that was sexual, and I jerked off and had an orgasm, but I was totally frustrated because there was no come. So I waited a few hours and tried again, and that time it worked.

Jamoo: We talked about the first time you sucked on a dick, but when was the first time you actually got fucked?

Wolff: I think I was 16. There was a guy I was hanging out with who I'd been sexual with, and we did oral stuff and jerked off, and I fucked him. He said I should not miss out on anything, and he fucked me.

Jamoo: Did it hurt?

Wolff: It hurt *him* because I was so tight. His foreskin was getting stretched, and I was so tense.

Jamoo: What's the worst movie experience you've had?

Wolff: Studio 2000. When I got to the set, everyone was uncomfortable. The makeup artist was standing behind me to put the makeup on me instead of standing in front of me. I looked in the mirror, and I was dark brown. I looked Latino. Then suddenly they are shooting dialogue, and the director screams at one of the actors, "You call yourself a professional? You're too stupid to say dialogue, you little shit!" So I was thinking he better not try this on me, and he said, "By the way, we're shooting two days, and you have to come twice." So I was like, "Oh, you're shooting twice, and I have to come twice. Do you pay twice?" and he was like, "Oh, no, we don't do that." So I was like, "I don't either." It was a weird atmosphere, and when I'm not comfortable, I won't perform; I want my scenes to be fun. I hate when someone is straight and they say, "Oh, it's so big, it hurts. Oh, stop!" That is wrong. If you have sex, then be into it and have fun. People may call me a whore, but I'm having sex with the hottest guys in town and getting paid a lot of money for it and then getting to watch it on tape. You can't get any better than that. I enjoy what I do.

Jamoo: Are you a big exhibitionist?

Wolff: *Ja,* I am.

Jamoo: Do you watch your movies?

Wolff: I watch some to remember what I did, like *The Wild Ones*—I wanted to see that.

Jamoo: Do you howl at the moon?

Wolff: I love the moon. I'm Cancer, a sign that's ruled by the moon.

Jamoo: Tell me about your most unusual movie experience.

Wolff: I did *Captain Stud and His Seamen.* Donnie Russo played Captain Stud. I did my scene with Rick Donovan. We were in San Diego on a boat. We went out on the ocean, but they forgot to give us seasick pills, so they're getting ready to shoot, the actors were starting to have sex, and the cameraman put the camera down and threw up. Being on a boat for eight hours with 15 people was hell. When the models finished and asked for a towel, all they had was the one they'd used to clean the deck after the cameraman threw up. I was ready to jump in the water and swim away.

Jamoo: You have a very natural body, not bloated on steroids or pumped up.

Wolff: I have been to the gym a couple of times in my life, but I don't like it. I do conditioning training. I swim, I

bike-ride, I walk. I love the outdoors.

Jamoo: Tell me some more of your sexual habits.

Wolff: I like sex in awkward places. In the Museum of American History once, my friend and I were looking at the ruby slippers from *The Wizard of Oz.* We were bored, so we went behind the blinds, and he fucked me right in back of where they were displaying the ruby slippers.

Jamoo: And you clicked your heels together and said, "There's no place like home to get fucked."

Wolff: Actually, they started clicking by themselves. I also had sex on a flight from Paris to Washington, D.C. We were in the very back of the plane, and the stewardess brought us extra blankets so we could hide it. It was an eight-hour flight, and she brought us champagne. The French have a different attitude about sex.

Jamoo: Wolff, how can I make you howl?

Wolff: Ah, you must wait until midnight to do that! ●

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Is it safe to suck cock without a condom?

I know this is an old question, but I still need to ask.
It's an old question, but with little conclusive research on the topic, new answers may be in order. Generally, unprotected cock sucking is classified as a low-risk activity: There are documented cases of HIV being transmitted that way but not many. According to an article in an issue of *The AIDS Reader* in 1994, the risk factor for sucking cock without a condom is about 1%—transmission is believed to occur one time in 100. The risk factor for unprotected anal sex is believed to range between about 6% and 10%. If you engage in unprotected oral sex, one route of transmission for the sucker is through tiny, invisible abrasions called microcuts anywhere in the mouth, including the lips, tongue, and gums. It's best not to brush your teeth or floss before sucking, therefore, because such activities leave small abrasions on the gums. If the cock you suck was recently shaved, make sure there are no microcuts there either. Testing the skin inside your mouth can be tricky; testing outer skin is fairly easy—splash it with lemon juice or 70% isopropyl alcohol. The cuts will sting.

The choice about what you do always lies with you, but I know people who seroconverted after sucking cock without a condom. Therefore, I'll remind you that *low-risk* is not the same as *no-risk;* the stakes in this game are very high indeed.

Both my boyfriend and I are HIV-positive. For about six months he's been taking something called human-growth hormone. He says it makes him feel better than he used to, he sleeps better, and he's put on weight. Now he wants me to start taking it too, but I'm a little wary of fad medicine.
A study was completed in fall 1994 through the University of California, San Francisco, in which AIDS patients were given daily bioengineered human-growth-hormone injections for two years. On average the individuals in the trial group gained several pounds of lean muscle mass, and their endurance on treadmill machines improved. The people in the control groups, given a placebo, did not gain lean muscle mass, and their treadmill performance declined. These findings suggest that your boyfriend is on the right track.

On the other hand, I don't know what kind of growth hormone your boyfriend takes. I suspect he isn't getting medically supervised daily injections. I know there are pills and capsules on the market whose manufacturers make claims like those your boyfriend asserts, but I don't know which are genuine and which are a scam. The question you've raised for me would be better addressed to the medical people charged with your care, but it's certainly one that bears looking into.

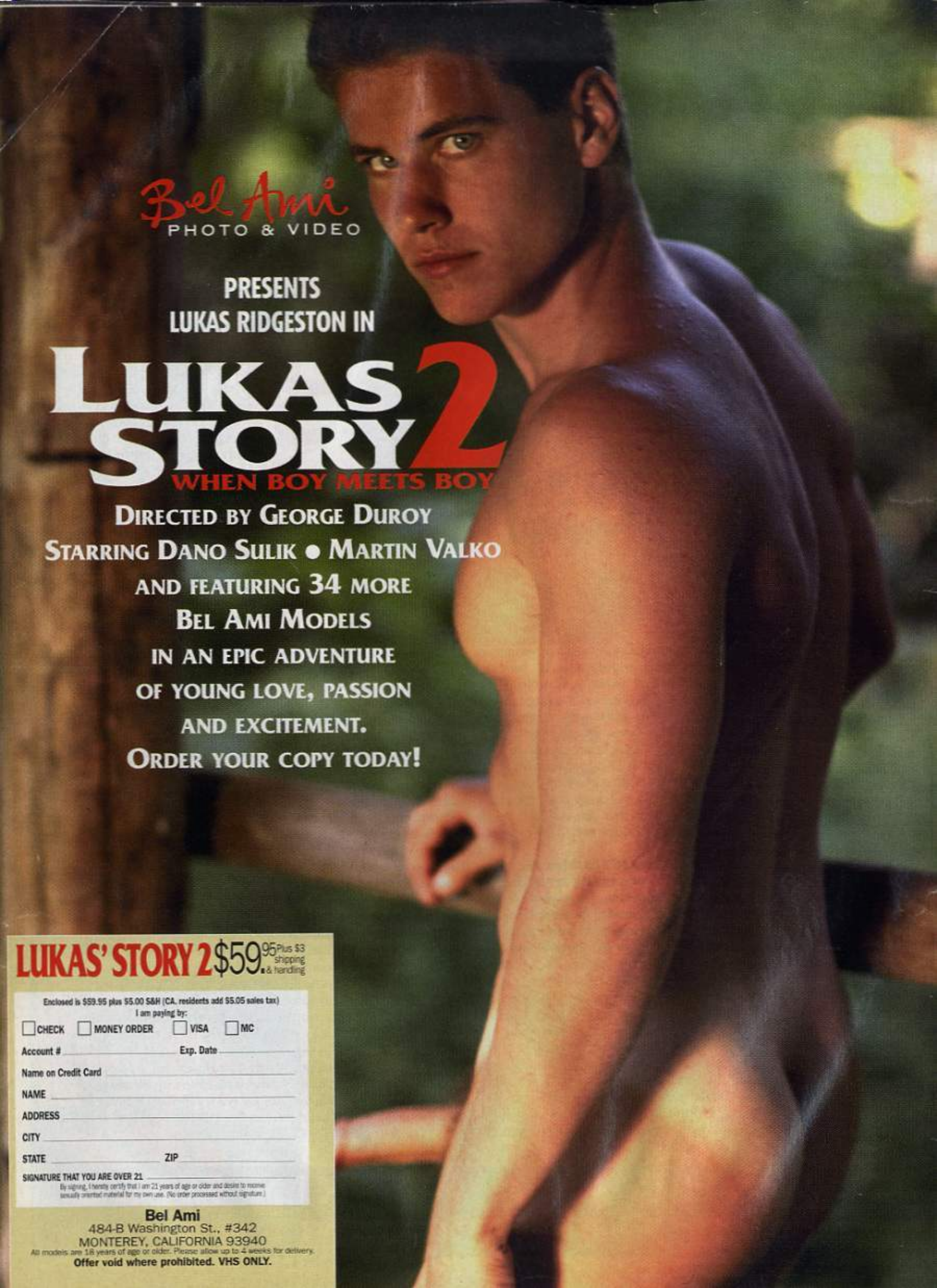
My lover is very oral and wants me to be equally oral with him. He wants me not only to tongue-kiss him, suck him, and rim him but also to drink his piss, lick his sweat, and so on. This doesn't sound so bad to me; it might be fun with him because he's a very responsive guy. However, I don't like how he tastes. How can I deal with this situation?
The obvious approach is to sit down some calm afternoon and tell him the truth. A more usual one is to become uninterested in all this oral activity as long as you two are together. A less usual one is for him to change his diet.

We all have our own unique, natural flavors, as we have our own unique, natural odors and so forth. But our smell and taste are influenced considerably by how much of what substances we take into our bodies. People whose diets are high in crisply steamed vegetables, whole grains, raw fruits eaten without other foods, and an abundance of fresh water tend to smell and taste freshly sweet and salty. Small amounts of range-fed meats don't seem to destroy these tastes. People with diets high in packaged foods, processed sugar, animal fats, farm-fed meat, and drugs, including alcohol, caffeine, and nicotine are more likely to smell and taste unpleasant.

If your lover's intake might be the source of your discomfort, you can combine all three approaches by telling him you have become uninterested in fulfilling his desires because of what he tastes like but that you know a likely way to change his output and thereby your pleasure in pleasing him. You may make him healthy at the same time.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

BY WILLIAM A. HENKIN, MFCC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the runaways

by leo cardini

"School buses," Ramon says, standing naked in front of me, his semihard, down-curving dick just inches from my face. I'm about to take it into my mouth again and suck on it until it reaches the nine rock-hard inches I know it's capable of when I pause to look up at him, admiring how beautifully tight-muscled, lean, and tan he is, an Incan god towering above me as he scans the rural Vermont countryside, one hand shading his eyes from the bright July sun, the other resting lightly on my shoulder.

I return my attention to Ramon's irresistible Peruvian dick, repositioning my knees on the thin Indian bedspread we'd laid out in the middle of this grassy field up in the hills a mile or so behind Goddard College, where I go to school. It's midafternoon now. We've been here since dawn, when we shed our T-shirts and cutoffs (we traveled barefoot), meditated in the gentle warmth of the rising sun, and then ate the potent mushrooms Ramon got from a fellow classmate at Tufts, where he goes to college.

Since then we've been communing with nature: romping through the grassy fields, quietly passing through needle-carpeted pine forests serene as cathedrals, and standing in awe of cliffside panoramas that extend for miles in every direction across the gently rolling Green Mountains.

And the sex! Twice already. Sex between us is always good. I suppose that's why we snatch every opportunity we can to make love to each other—on beaches, behind barns, atop Boston town houses, and, once, in a drugstore phone booth. Really! But never has it been so prolonged or intense as today.

The mesmerizing, mushroom-induced aura that surrounds his dark, thick-shafted cock pulls me closer. His piss slit produces a pearl of precome, a gift I delicately lift off his oversize cock head with the tip of my tongue and swallow.

"Lots of them," Ramon says, looking in the direction of the seldom-used dirt road about 20 yards away.

But I've forgotten what he's talking about, so before I finally take his cock into my mouth once again, I ask, "Lots of what?"

"School buses," he repeats, as if it were obvious.

Now, you're probably thinking that as compelling as a heavily veined, half-hard cock can be—especially one as big as Ramon's—wouldn't I be at least slightly curious to know about these school buses, like whether they're matter-of-fact real or a drug-induced hallucination? Well, you have to understand that at this particular point in time—July 1969, the month preceding Woodstock and the month following the Stonewall riots—Goddard College was so strongly countercultural and everyone was so into doing their own thing, you got so that nothing surprised you. From the sight of a classmate with a heavy stack of books under one arm walking into the library dressed in nothing but a loincloth to the complaints of farmers five miles away that a heavily amplified rock concert was disturbing their cows and from the naked dish crews in the cafeteria to course offerings such as "Grokking the Beethoven String Quartets," you came to expect the unexpected.

Maybe Ramon does see school buses. Maybe it's an acid flashback. Whatever.

So I wrap my lips around his dick, closing my eyes and gripping my own cock as I sink into the indescribable pleasure of feeling his fleshy, semisoft member filling my mouth, anticipating its gradual growth until it's grown too hard for me to deep-throat.

"I can see five so far, and they keep on coming."

OK, OK. Since he's not going to let go of this bus thing, I reluctantly dismount his cock and stand up beside him.

Along the twisting road that emerges from behind a cluster of trees comes a school bus, followed by another. And another. And another.

This seemingly endless caravan snakes its way along the road. Each bus is yellow, of course, but that's just the backdrop for a psychedelic spattering of peace signs, flowers, mandalas, and messages of universal love.

Ramon slips his arm around my waist, and we stand there watching this bizarre procession approach, as if we'd just been transported into the middle of some zany Beatles flick.

When maybe a dozen of them have come into sight and they're as close to us as the road gets, the first one stops. The rest follow suit, and a brown-haired, bell-bottomed hippie jumps out of the first one, shakes the stray shoulder-length hair off his face, and smiles as he flashes us a peace sign.

Ramon returns the greeting and heads for him. Telling of the differences between us, I hurriedly slip on my cutoffs first and then run to catch up with Ramon, hoping no one will much notice how uptight I can be.

As we approach the first bus, I see it's filled with wide-eyed flower children passively staring out at us.

"Hey guys," the hippie says to us, "I think, like, we're lost. You know how to get to Goddard College?"

As Ramon gives directions, I'm distracted by this shirtless adolescent looking out of one of the windows. He arrests my attention, and somewhere in my mind violins well up in the background, isolating the moment and filling it with romantic significance. He has long, lustrous black hair held in place with a red bandanna tied in a knot in the back. He can't be very old—late teens, maybe?—judging from his face, which has all the prettiness and delicacy of youth: expressive eyebrows; long eyelashes; dark-ringed, deep-set black eyes that look up at you seductively from the slight tilt of his head; and lips as full and come-kiss-me pouty as Mick Jagger's.

Our eyes meet. He smiles. I smile back, madly in love-at-first-sight with him. Our instant mutual interest couldn't be more obvious, and he gets up to leave the bus.

By now Ramon has offered for us to go back with the buses and show them the way. You see, he has to be back on campus soon anyhow, since he and some hippie he picked up hitchhiking the other day are driving up to Maine for a weeklong bliss-in with some yogi. I can never keep their names straight.

Ramon's always going off to events like this. And being an astrologer, he always

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT EWALT/DEVIL DUST DESIGN

manages to find several fellow stargazers to rap with as well as a nighttime partner or two. I know no one else like Ramon for being able to move with such ease from first greetings to impassioned sex.

My bus buddy, barefoot and in cutoffs, approaches and quickly gets the gist of the conversation.

"You don't have to go back, do you?" he asks me.

"No," I reply.

"Far out. Let me get my knapsack."

And with that, he saunters back into the bus.

Ramon and I walk back to the bedspread. He gathers up his clothes, and we kiss good-bye.

"When will you be back?" I ask.

His reply is typical: "Next week. The week after. It all depends."

I don't ask what it depends on. That would be an uptight thing to do. And when you travel with the counterculture, anything can happen. A new acquaintance, word of a great rock concert, an invitation to crash with some back-to-the-earthers living in the woods, exchanging horoscope readings for food and a blanket—all of these are possible, so when he'll be back indeed all depends.

That's the way Ramon comes in and out of my life. I never know when he'll turn up, and as we kiss good-bye, I feel that familiar twinge in my chest when I realize the role I'm playing. I pretend I'm as comfortable as Ramon is in going with the flow. But the uncool, unvarnished truth is, I want a lover. I want someone who'll always be there, someone who'll share the good and the bad, someone I can be "we" with. And although I would like it to be Ramon, I would never risk our relationship by letting him know that.

He turns and walks away, passing the kid with the knapsack who's now heading toward me. They smile and nod at each other but don't say a word.

"You guys were having sex, weren't you?" the kid asks when he reaches me, throwing his knapsack down and rummaging through it.

"Yeah," I say.

"Will you have sex with me?"

"Sure."

He pulls out a joint, lights it, and the two of us pass it back and forth as we watch the buses slowly disappear.

"Ten minutes ago there must've been about a dozen buses—" he begins.

"Fourteen," I correct him.

"OK, 14. And now you'd never know they were here."

Just like Ramon, I think to myself.

"Yeah, heavy," he says, slipping off his cutoffs. He bends over to pull his feet through the leg holes, and when he stands up again, he reveals a dramatically large cock: fat, pale, and smooth. It hangs down heavily between his legs, looking several sizes too large for his lean, sleek-muscled body. All I can do is gape at it.

"I know," he says, smiling. "It's pretty big, isn't it?"

And with show-offy pride he grabs his dick and gives it a shake. Then he reaches for my cutoffs and quickly undoes them, getting down on his knees in front of me to help me slip my feet through. My own cock springs out in front of his face, already well on its way to the 8½ inches of upcurved hard-on it's capable of.

He stares with hungry appreciation. "I hope you don't mind," he says, looking up at me, "but I have this thing about sucking cock."

"Oh?" I say.

"Yeah. It's like I can't get enough of it!"

"I know the feeling."

"Far out. Then we can sixty-nine."

"Cool."

We get down onto the blanket in mutual suck-off position. I take hold of his neatly cut, bigheaded cock and examine it closely from several angles. I don't think I've ever seen such a light-skinned shaft. It's practically white and stands out in dramatic contrast to his thick bush of black pubic hair and his reddish, deeply furrowed ball sac, which encases two enormous nuts clinging to the base of his dick.

He too is engaged in rapt cock examination. The touch of his inquisitive fingers quickly excites me to full erection.

"Oh, boy," he says, half to himself, as he admires my cock. "Far fucking out!"

He wraps his warm lips around my dick, tongues my piss slit, and then goes down on me. I follow suit, burying my head in his crotch and losing myself in the inexpressible pleasure of sucking and being sucked, naked and tripping under the warm midday sun.

It's now around 4 in the morning. Keith—my horse-dicked friend from the bus—and I are in Johnny T's Jive-Ass-a-Go-Go, an illegally operated bar in the basement of Goddard's community center. The center itself is a renovated barn built into the side of a hill, one of the original buildings of the large farm that now forms the nucleus of the college. It is indeed spacious, housing the Haybarn Theatre on the upper level, the cafeteria and lounge on the main level, and Johnny T's in the windowless lower level, with one side below ground level and the other several steps down from the lounge.

In previous incarnations it was a rathskeller and a coffeehouse. But now it's Johnny T's, a dive with ancient wooden booths enclosing tables covered with red-and-white plaid plastic tablecloths in need of a good scrubbing. Votive candles—one to a booth—provide most of the illumination. It's run by one of the students, Rev. Jim Dodge, a dollar-by-the-mail minister of the First Church of Cybernetics.

Keith and I are drinking mugs of cheap burgundy, since all the wineglasses were destroyed the night before during a rowdy round of toasts that got out of control. Even now, in the dim candlelight, you can spot the occasional gleam of a piece of glass that managed to escape the haphazard cleanup afterward.

Keith wasn't kidding when he said he likes to suck cock. And he's clearly had lots of experience, especially for someone his age. Although I don't know exactly how old he is, I do know that until he ran away from home several months ago, he was a high school senior.

He has this habit of staring straight into your eyes when he's sucking on your cock, which he told me later is something he really grooves on. So although we had begun by sixty-nining, he had soon managed to get me raised up on my elbows with my legs spread apart, looking down at him as he sucked on my dick while returning my gaze. Sometimes I'd squint up at the sun, concentrating on the sensation of his tight lips working their way up and down my dick. Then I'd look down at him again, and there he'd be, his eyes still staring right into mine. *What does he feel that he's so eager to be observed with his mouth full of cock?* I remember wondering.

We trekked back to my dorm room around dinnertime. The buses had completely filled the parking lot, spilling over into Pritchard's field, looking like a modern-day covered-wagon roundup. Word of mouth travels quickly at Goddard, so by the time we had reached the cafeteria,

everyone knew of our visitors, a traveling commune from the West Coat that had saved up enough money to buy a fleet of used school buses and travel across the country. They asked to spend the night before moving on. The Goddard community (by informal consensus) voted yes and quickly made plans to hold a rock concert outside Kilpatrick dorm, complete with acid punch and all the grass you would ever want to smoke.

By midnight everyone was high on something, and most had stripped off their clothes to dance naked in the moonlight. So no one noticed when Keith blew me in the bushes behind the dorm.

And now here we are, postconcert, sitting in Johnny T's. Reverend Jim's not here because he left for the concert hours ago, leaving behind a hastily scrawled sign at the bar: SERVE YOURSELF—AND DON'T FORGET TO PAY UP!

For all our time together, I still don't know much about Keith except that he ran away from home, but, then again, in this kaleidoscopic counterculture, it seems like everyone's a runaway from something: society's expectations, the draft, commitment of any sort. Though I know I'm supposed to think dropping out is really cool, I have to admit that deep down inside me there's this feeling that you really ought to graduate from high school first and *then* drop out.

I know he wants to be an actor. He says he ran away from home after he saw the Living Theatre. It seems his parents grounded him when they discovered that not only did he sneak out against their wishes to see a performance of *Paradise Now*, but when the actors stripped off their clothes and encouraged the audience to do the same, he was the only one to do so, jumping up onstage and joining in their bacchanal celebration of human sexuality.

But that's all I know about him. I would like to ask questions, but one unspoken rule of the counterculture is you never go too far into anyone's past without invitation.

We sit opposite each other, our hands clasped across the table. One moment we're discussing Abbie Hoffman's Revolution for the Hell of It, and the next the Stonewall riots. Then a mischievous smile animates Keith's face as he asks me, "You ever been blown in an illegally operated bar?"

I search for a clever answer, but before I can come up with one, Keith disappears under the table. Soon he has my cutoffs down to my ankles.

The only other people in Johnny T's—all four of them—are seated at a remote booth, intensely interpreting the tarot cards spread out on their table, and the place is so shadowy that I'm sure it's not easy to make out what's going on at our booth.

Keith pushes my knees apart, grabs my balls, and deep-throats my dick, getting me hard in no time. I lean back against the bench, press my hands against the side of the table, and concentrate on the exquisite sensations of Keith's tight-lipped blow job, distancing me from Johnny T's, which seems to be fading slowly into the background.

Then I spot tall, lanky Carl Dewey descending the steps leading down to the bar. The sight of him pulls me back to the present, and the inevitable surge of lust that always wells up inside me whenever I see him mingles with the sharp, slippery pleasure of Keith's expert job of deep-throating me. The combination of the two as they merge into one sensual tidal wave is mind-bending.

I don't know Carl very well, in part because he lives at Northwood, Goddard's satellite campus—six buildings on the other side of the library about a ten-minute walk through the woods. I know he's gay, though I forget how I ever found this out. And it's rumored he sometimes has threesomes with Paul Rose, the drama teacher, and Paul's wife, which makes me regard him as the epitome of cool. Far too cool, I imagine, ever to be as interested in me as I am in him.

He's one of those guys who never seems to say much. Whenever he's in the community center, he's always the listener, always the observer, an amused half smile on his narrow, oddly handsome face.

As Keith's tight warm lips ride up and down my stiff cock, I watch Carl stop at the bottom of the stairs, shaking his long blond hair out of his face and allowing his intense, deep blue eyes to adjust to the dark as he looks around. Loose Levi's ride low on his hips, and a brown suede vest reveals the fine features of his tightly muscled chest, the patch of blond hair between his pecs narrowing to a thin path that descends to his navel and then continues down until it disappears behind his beltless Levi's to territory I've often contemplated during nighttime jack-off sessions.

He goes behind the bar, pulls a beer out of the bin, and deposits some change into the till. He looks around again, spots me, and saunters over.

I try my best to appear laid-back and in control. Still, I wonder what he's going to think when he discovers there's this runaway high school kid under the table sucking on my cock.

It doesn't take me long to find out, since as soon as he slides into the bench opposite me with a "Hey, man," he discovers an unexpected obstruction under the table. He lifts up the portion of tablecloth hanging down in front of him and sticks his head under.

In the few seconds it takes him to check out what's going on, I anxiously hope for his approval, then criticize myself for wanting it in the first place.

When he sits up again, a slow conspiratorial smile spreads across his face. "Far out!" he says. "Sure wish someone would suck me off."

"You would?" I ask.

He looks at me with an uncharacteristically wide grin as he eagerly nods his head up and down.

"Sure," I say. "Got any grass?"

"I do," Keith says, poking his head up. "Back at the dorm."

So five minutes later we're in my room, and Carl's seated at my desk, skillfully rolling a joint while Keith browses through my record albums—ultimately selecting the Stones' *Let It Bleed*—and I busy myself lighting the dozen or so candles around the room.

Carl moves over to this incredibly comfortable bamboo chair shaped like an oversize coolie hat nestled in a black metal frame by my bed. He holds up the completed joint, examines his work in the flickering candlelight, and hands it to Keith, who lights it, inhales, and passes it on to me. I take a toke, pass it back to Carl, and light the final candle. Then I lie on my bed, tucking the pillow under my right armpit so I can lean on my side.

I watch Carl take a huge, chest-expanding toke as he slumps down into the chair with his legs wide apart, one fully extended, the other bent at the knee. Keith steps up in front of him and takes the joint from him, inhaling and then handing it back to me again.

As the joint is passed around among us, Keith begins to shed his clothes as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do, tossing each garment across the room and into the corner, where his knapsack has rested since we came down from the hills.

When he's totally naked he stands there facing Carl and wraps his fist around his cock, his long, pale shaft hanging down heavily as it spills out of his hand.

"Someday I'm going to be an actor," he says to Carl.

Carl looks up at him silently with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah, I'm going to join up with the Living Theatre and travel all over the country with them," Keith goes on.

"Heavy," Carl says as Keith continues to hold his cock on display while swaying to the music.

The grass and the music and the candlelight wash over us. We're in that hazy time before dawn when all the drugs you've had that day and all the hours of sleep you've missed transport you to an unreal corner of existence where cause and effect become unglued and any inhibitions you might still have slip away.

I dig my free hand into my cutoffs as I watch Carl stare at Keith's huge cock, contemplating what I would see and what I would feel if I could see Keith through Carl's eyes.

"Here—stand up," Keith says to him.

Carl turns and looks at me. He smiles and then turns back to Keith, who digs his hands under Carl's armpits and helps him to his feet.

Keith slips off Carl's vest. It drops to the floor. I greedily take in this cock-hardening profile view of Carl's torso: his tight, flat stomach; his firm, hard-nubbed, nipple-crested pecs; and the graceful contour of his back as it ascends and broadens.

Next, Keith unbuttons and unzips Carl's jeans. He lowers them just below the hips, and they fall of their own accord to Carl's ankles, revealing white, loose-fitting briefs that suggest a substantial burden inside.

Keith gets down on his knees, sniffs Carl's crotch, and then matter-of-factly pulls Carl's briefs down to his ankles.

My God! It turns out he has a cock to rival Keith's! Long and thick, it arcs out, gravitating toward the floor. Behind it rests a low-hanging ball sac encasing two huge nuts.

Keith stares and says, "Far out! Do you know you're hung like a fucking horse?"

"Yeah," Carl says with a laugh.

Keith helps him slip his feet out of his Levi's and briefs and then says, "Here. Sit down again. Yeah. Now spread your legs and relax."

Carl slumps ass-forward in the chair with his legs wide apart, as before—one bent at the knee, the other extended straight out. Keith lovingly fondles Carl's cock and balls as he examines them.

Carl tilts his head backward and closes his eyes. "Mmm," he purrs in response to Keith's attentions.

By now I've unbuttoned and unzipped myself, and I'm stroking my cock, perfectly satisfied watching them.

Holding Carl's stiffening cock on display, Keith turns to me and says, "Look at the size of it!"

"Yeah," I reply, my voice thick with lustful admiration as I watch Keith go down on it, quickly sucking Carl into full erection with those powerful strokes he's so good at.

Carl's cock swells to a good nine inches. Unlike Keith's—and you can witness the contrast since Keith is now stroking his own down-curving dick with one hand while playing with Carl's nuts with the other—Carl's stands up rigid and rock-hard, ruggedly textured with huge veins that run riot all along his fat, slightly brown shaft.

Spit-shiny, it gleams in the candlelight as Keith abandons it to lick Carl's pliable ball sac, sucking first one ball in, then the other. As he gently tugs on this mouthful, Carl's cock repeatedly twitches in grateful response.

Side one of *Let It Bleed* comes to an end, and I get up to turn the record over, peeling off my shirt first. But before I can pass by him, Carl reaches out and grabs me by the wrist. I stop, slightly surprised, uncertain exactly what he wants of me.

With pleading, puppy-dog eyes and a nervous smile, he pulls me closer. He tilts his head up toward me and purses his lips. I lean over and kiss him. As his moist, expressive lips press against mine, I close my eyes and feel like I'm falling into him. Our tongues spar, and then he suddenly sucks mine deep into his mouth. Overwhelmed and caught off guard, I have to grip the back of the chair to keep my balance as I bend over closer to him.

And all this time, there's Keith down below. He's abandoned Carl's nuts, busy sucking him off again with loud slurping sounds, as if to make a bid for our attention.

When our lips finally part again, Carl says in a low, hoarse voice, "Take your shorts off, huh?"

Which I do. I stand there naked with a hard-on. I watch his eyes as they stare at my up-curving dick. Again I want to be his eyes and experience what he sees and what he feels as he examines my cock. I give it a voluntary twitch, which he acknowledges with a hardly audible moan as he reaches into my crotch and cups my balls. At the warm support of his palm and the sensation of his fingers curling up at the back of my ball sac, my cock now twitches involuntarily.

Keith is still blowing him, his right hand stroking his own cock as his eyes follow closely the performance my cock is putting on and the rapt audience it has found in Carl, who stares with open mouth.

Then, as if it's happening in slow motion, Carl leans forward and goes down on me. I watch my dick disappear down his throat, overwhelmed by the electric sensations that travel along my shaft. He closes his eyes, looking absolutely blissful, and slowly sucks up and down on my dick. Each time he has just my cock head in his mouth, he pauses to give me a thorough tonguing under my piss slit.

Keith dismounts Carl to watch him suck me off. When Carl finally opens his eyes again, his lips halting on me at mid shaft, he looks over at Keith. He slides his lips off my cock and pushes it over to Keith, who eagerly takes over sucking me off while Carl looks on.

Eventually, Carl moves in again and begins to lick my balls. Then, bit by bit, he takes over the base of my cock, gradually tonguing up my shaft, proving a progressive obstruction to Keith's cocksucking efforts until Keith finally yields all of my cock to Carl, who instantly deep-throats me as Keith does the same to him.

A prolonged, repetitive moan escapes my mouth, mingling with the slurping sounds of the cock sucking below. I stand there looking down on all this, hardly believing the remarkable reality of this amazing threesome I'm having with a runaway kid who stepped off a psychedelic school bus and into my life and cool, hip Carl, whom I'd always considered way out of my league. As if the sensation of Carl's lips on my cock weren't enough to convince me that this is really happening, I place my hands on the backs of their bobbing heads. Carl responds by running one hand along my ass, slipping it into my crack and fingering my butt hole.

We remain like this for a long time, Keith sucking Carl, and Carl sucking me. Eventually, however, Carl's muffled, cock-stifled "oohs" announce that he's close to coming.

Keith accelerates his sucking, rapidly bringing Carl to the edge. Carl dismounts my cock and flings himself back into the chair, his body rigid with his approaching climax.

"Oh!" he says. "Ooh! Fuck!"

And then he comes with a loud, primal moan. He throws

his head back, violently tossing it from side to side as his entire body shakes with each fresh spurt of come down Keith's throat. The force of his orgasm surprises me, since it's in such contrast to his usual laid-back manner.

When he's done, he further surprises me by going down on my cock again, energetically sucking me off with a technique to rival Keith's. In no time I feel the come ready to blast out of me.

"Oh, shit!" I yell.

Carl dismounts me, and my cock jerks up, swollen and gleaming with spit. "Shoot it, man!" Carl orders with surprising intensity. "Shoot it all over my fucking face!"

Keith takes this opportunity to quickly get up off his knees, grab my dick and expertly coax the come out of it, aiming it at Carl. Spurt after spurt of creamy white jism gushes out, spattering Carl's face. He closes his eyes and opens his mouth, issuing a prolonged, guttural groan as Keith directs the final squirts of my come into his mouth.

When I've shot my load—feeling so drained that I can hardly stand up—Carl opens his eyes and desperately demands of Keith, "You too! All over me!"

Keith grabs his own dick, and with just a few quick strokes, he gets his juices flowing, aiming them at Carl's mouth, announcing each new gusher with a strained, staccato shout. His supply is as bountiful as mine, though his squirts are less forceful, much of it missing Carl's mouth and landing on his chin, accumulating there until it begins to drip down into his crotch. When Keith has fully depleted his supply of come, he stands there, cock in hand, and snakes his free arm around my waist.

Carl dips his fingers in the jizz on his face, licks some off, and then holds his fingers up to my mouth. I suck on his index finger, tasting the salty mixture of Keith's come and my own. Keith leans over and takes another of Carl's fingers into his mouth. But not content with such a small allotment of cream, he leans over and begins licking it off Carl's face.

"Oh, man!" Carl says, closing his eyes and looking absolutely blissful. "Far fucking out!"

How can I resist joining Keith? I lick off a cheekful and then move down into Carl's crotch to lap up the remaining drippings from his chin. When no come remains, we take a few moments to recover, and then Carl rolls another joint. We sit there in the nude silently passing it around until we're so fucking stoned that sleep finally overtakes us.

In just four days the habit of having Keith around has taken root like a dangerous addiction. The signs of his presence are all around my room, from his knapsack in the corner to his stash of drugs and drug paraphernalia in my top bureau drawer to the dirty clothes he leaves wherever they fall when he sheds them.

I get used to waking up with him lying next to me. And he's grown so accustomed to the way I reach for his cock each morning, fondling it first and then taking it into my mouth. *This,* I tell myself, *is what it's like to have a lover.* I savor these moments, knowing they won't last.

I tell myself not to get too attached. He'll drift out of my life as easily as he drifted into it. So, when several days later I walk into my room and find Keith and Ramon lying on my bed naked together, kissing while locked in a tight embrace, I know the inevitable has finally come to pass, and I feel a very uncool stab of jealousy. But the two of them look up at me with beaming smiles, clearly glad I'm there.

"Hey, man," Ramon says, disentangling himself from Keith to jump out of bed, his stiff cock bouncing out of control as he steps over to me. Taking me in his arms with a powerful show of sincere affection, he explains how, now that he's all blissed out, he's heading back to Boston.

"And guess what?" Keith says enthusiastically. "I'm going with him! The Living Theatre's in Cambridge. Maybe they'll let me join up with them. Wouldn't that be cool?"

"Yeah," I say, trying my best to make it sound sincere. Truth is, I am indeed happy for him. It's just that I really want a lover. So much so that the silly illusion that the two of us actually were lovers is going to be difficult to give up.

Ramon and Keith exchange knowing smiles and slip their arms around me, pulling me into a tight embrace as they meet me in a three-way, tongue-teasing kiss.

Soon they have my clothes off, and Keith drops to his knees, sucking me off while Ramon carefully slides his lubed cock up my ass. I lean my head against his left shoulder, and we kiss as he runs his hands across my chest and toys with my nipples.

As Ramon settles into a relaxed butt-fucking rhythm, Keith dismounts my cock, stares at it twitching in front of his face, begging him to continue, and then he looks up at me. "I'm sure gonna miss this, man," he says. Then he resumes sucking me off, fondling my balls with one hand while working on his own cock with the other. I melt into the moment, ecstatically sandwiched between blow job and butt fuck.

Soon I'm exploding in Keith's mouth. Ramon now has his hands on my hips to steady himself, and he shoots his load up my ass. At the same time, Keith jacks off his usual overabundance of come, much of it landing hot and sticky on my legs and feet.

And another half hour after that, they're gone.

I need to wallow in my sadness and sort things out. I truck on down to Mae's General Store and buy a bottle of Gallo burgundy. I return to Kilpatrick, sit on the back steps just outside my room, and drink it right out of the bottle as I watch a mix of students and faculty offspring play Tarzan on the rope swing suspended on the tall oak tree just outside my window. Suddenly, the back door swings open, and out steps Carl. He sits down beside me.

"How ya doin', man?" he asks.

"Not bad," I reply, offering him the bottle. "Want some?"

He nods, taking the bottle and gulping down a big, hearty swig, wiping his lips with the back of his hand when he's done. "You look really bummed out," he observes.

"Yeah."

"Where's Keith?"

I explain about him and Ramon.

"So he's left already?"

"Yeah," I say. "Why? Were you looking for him?"

"No. Actually...I was looking for you."

"Oh?"

"The other night. You really blew my mind."

"I did?"

"Yeah. That was a really hot scene. And you...you've always seemed so...distant. So...unapproachable."

I turn my head to look at him. "That's what I always thought about you," I say.

His eyes meet mine. "Oh," he replies. "Anyhow, I brought some grass with me. Wanna get stoned...and make up for lost time?"

I smile. He smiles back. And as we get up and step into the dorm, I realize that getting over Keith isn't going to be so difficult after all. ●

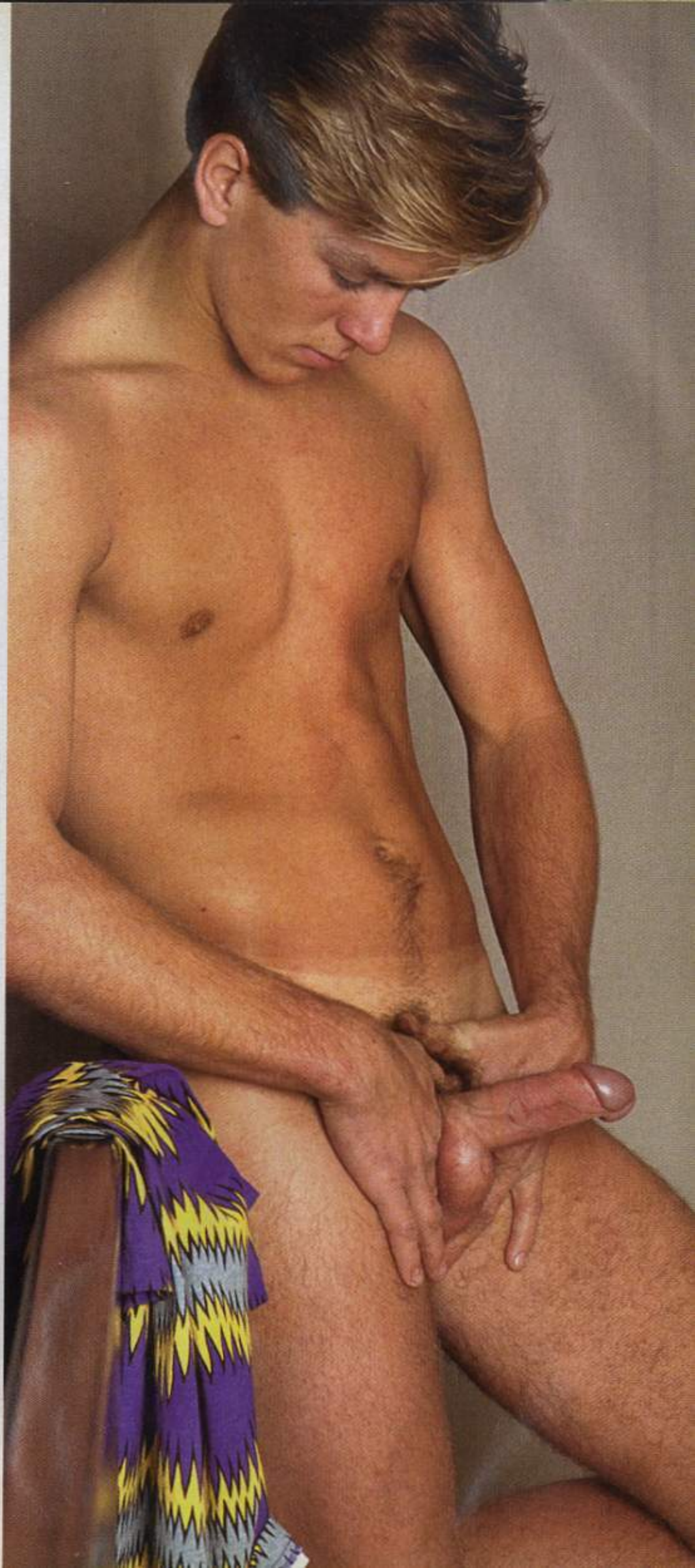
Model: **Brandon Hunter**
Photography: **Bo Tate**

what I remember most is his

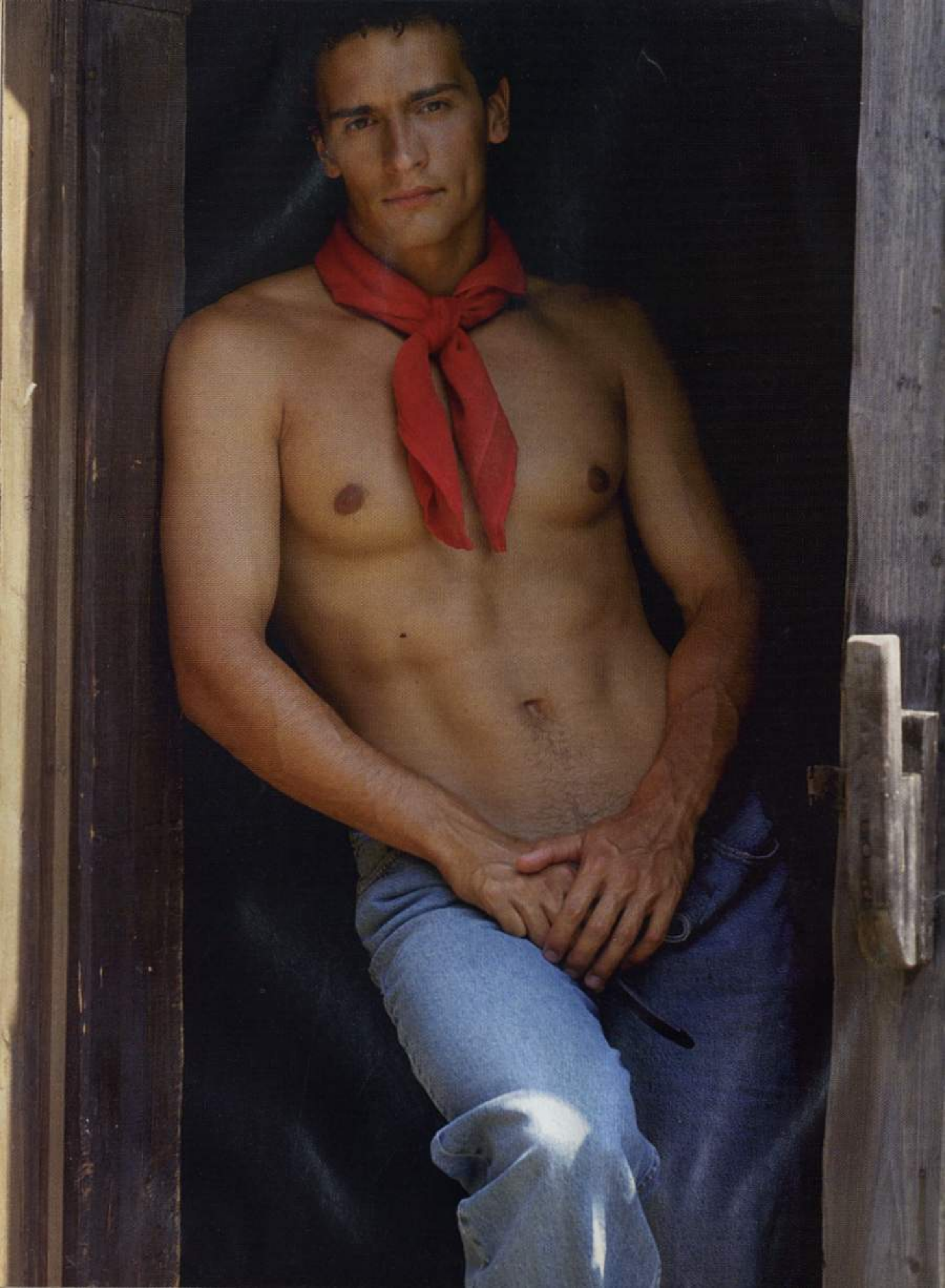
hip-hop

hop

His hair was like
cardboard.
I normally go for guys
more my age, but he was
so forward and kind of
anxious.
I was buying a birthday
present for my wife
at the
Sherman Oaks Galleria
and, as is my habit, I
checked out the men's room,
and I swear,
this mall brat was trawling
all the stalls
looking for some action.
I kind of scooped him up
and had him in my Accord
on the way back to my place
in Toluca Lake before
he knew what was up.
Wife works during the day,
thank god.
He must have been in
some sort of sugar daze
from all that Häagen-Dazs
at the mall, and he cranked
the stereo up loud when
Duran Duran came on.
He danced as well as he
could in the front seat of the
car, considering I'd buckled
him in.
"Hungry like a wolf...
That was the theme for our
senior prom last
month."
He continued to sing along.



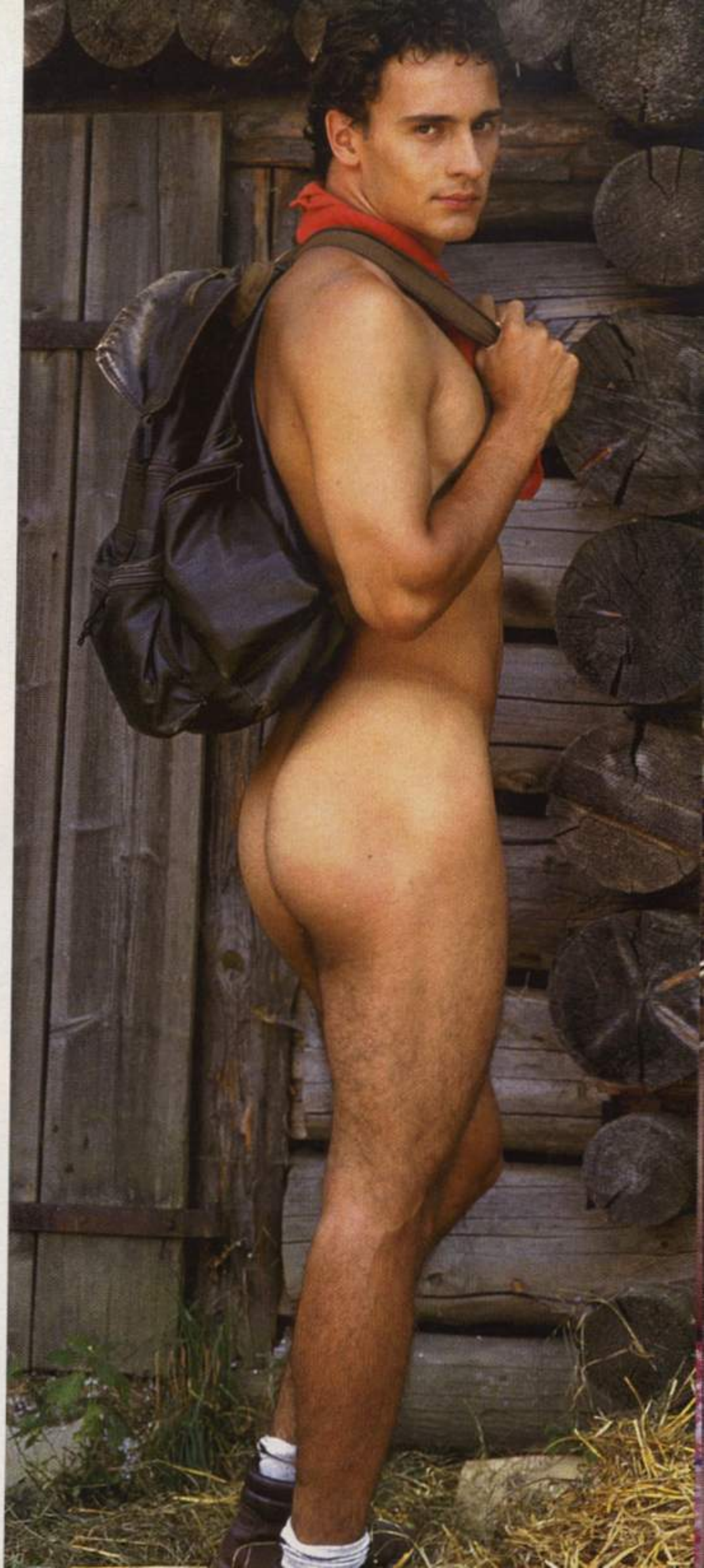
I got him out of his clothes
by telling him
what a small, cute waist
he had.
He showed it off to me.
No body fat.
So slim and sweet.
But it was about that
dippity-do.
I turned on the shower and
dragged him into the
bathroom. He made a
play struggle while I
dunked his head under
the running water.
Then I watched him soap up
and rinse off.
He stood with the water
running down all over his face
and chest and my
throat went dry.
Even without the *dippity-do*
he took half an hour to blow
dry his hair.
I sat on the bed behind him
and watched while he listened
to A Flock of Seagulls on
the radio. He brushed and blew
dry while his tight slender ass
swung around in front of
my face. I can remember
the sex. His ass, his cock,
and the sounds he made as he
gagged my whole length
down. But the sight of his butt
as he intently aimed the
blow-dryer and
the smell of his hair seem
still present.



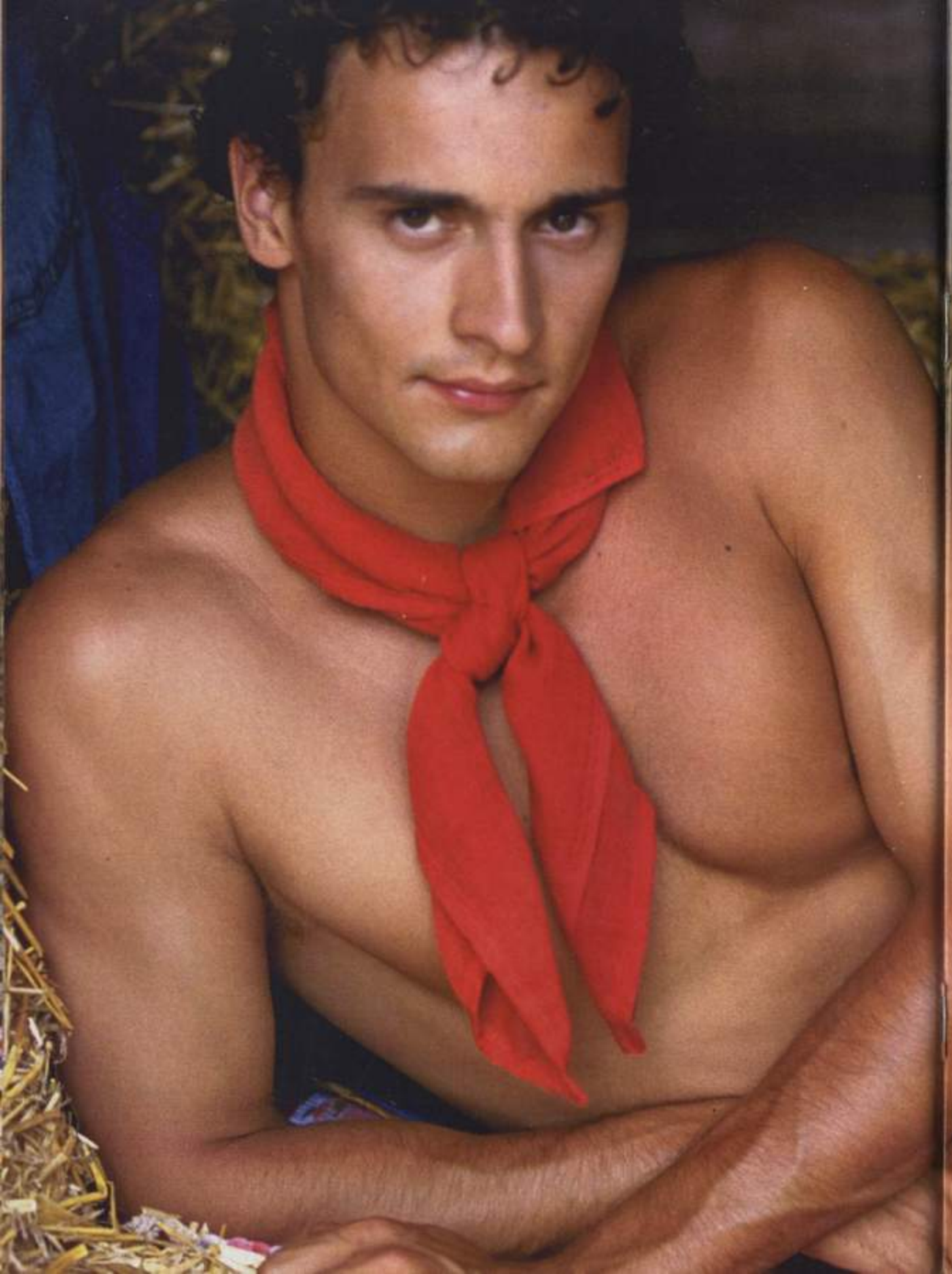
Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman. Now, we don't know what he was selling, but with that interesting backpack and that small red bandanna, he had very little trouble selling his wares in the small villages across the countryside.

Model: **Marty Bevins**
Photography: **Bel Ami**

He depended on the kindness of farmers to let him bed down in their sheds and barns as he made his way from county to county. He often had great adventures and high-spirited tales to tell.



All the young girls swooned as he strode through the marketplace. They all hoped to be the one he would eventually wed. But he had a restless nature and was unsatis-fied by the silly girls.



still life with dildo

by r.j. march

Will Baines would have smoked, had he smoked. It seemed like a good idea, something to do with his hands. He was waiting in the lobby of the Drake, waiting to be sent up to Mr. Southworth's apartment—apartments, actually—at least that's what the concierge (or whatever he was called) said.

ILLUSTRATION BY BEAU

Will was in his first year at Columbia and was hard up for money. A buddy he worked out with told him about some of the modeling he had been doing for art classes at the Pratt and Parsons design schools. "Why not here on campus?" Will had asked.

His friend gave him a cockeyed look. "You think I want everyone here looking at my shit?" he said. Will had seen his friend's "shit" and thought it kind of nice, and he said to himself later, in the showers, that shit as nice as that should be seen all over the place. "Put a couple of signs up, man," the guy continued. "Put 'em up downtown. You'll get calls, I guarantee. And do yourself a favor—use a picture of yourself, something that shows off your body. Know what I mean?" He stepped into his jeans and shot a smile Will's way. "And put down that you're OK with private sessions. I got one now who'll pay twice what the profs can pay, and he's good for a couple of beers too. See you later."

Will could never remember this guy's name. Keith or Kyle or Karl, Will figured—some K name—but he wasn't sure. And lately he kept missing him at the gym.

"You may go up now," the man at the lobby desk said.

The elevator was a smooth, fast ride. The doors opened to a marbled entry hall, its walls hung with some impressive paintings of nudes. Will stepped up to a reclining female—the Southworth signature was small but decisive in the lower-right-hand corner.

No amateur, Will was thinking.

"Pardon me," a man's voice echoed in the hard and shiny room.

"Mr. Southworth," Will said, extending his hand and smiling at the handsome 40-ish man who stood in the doorway.

"I am Hartley, Mr. Baines," the man corrected. "I have been instructed to direct you to the studio where you will work with Mr. Southworth. Would you follow me, please?"

Will nodded and followed Hartley through a long and narrow hall, white and spotlighted and strangely without any doors opening off of it, except for the double doors he could see in the distance, at the end of the corridor. Hartley opened the doors and stepped back for Will to enter.

Will put his hands over his crotch, suddenly very much aware of his nakedness.

The room was huge and open to the sky through a bank of windows set in the ceiling, and it was bare, save for a screen, a chair, a table, and an easel beside another table that was set up with paper and supplies—sticks of charcoal, Conté crayons, graphite, and pastels—everything neat and orderly. Will sat down in the chair. It was draped with white muslin, and the screen was set up behind it. The table had a bowl of flowers on it. The skylights were also curtained with muslin, and the light filtered through cleanly. Will looked down at his ankles—tanned still from spring break in Fort Lauderdale—tapering down into the neon tops of his running shoes. He put his hand on his chest between his pecs, his pinkie brushing his nipple. It quickly went hard, and he calculated the number of weeks that had gone by since he last got laid—a disappointing roll on a dormitory mattress with a girl named Christy. His dick began to take a short, restricted stroll in the confines of his jeans. The door opened.

"Good day there," a man said.

Will tried again. "Mr. Southworth?" he asked, getting up and walking across the room, very much aware of the quite visible lump in his jeans.

Mr. Southworth wasn't nearly as old as Will had expected. He was a tall, well-built man who seemed to be in his late 30s, Will guessed. His hair was red and longish, curling at the back of his neck, and just beginning to recede. His face was tanned, freckled across the nose. He was unshaven, and a sandy shadow of red and gold fell across his cheeks and chin. He gripped Will's hand firmly and shook it three times. Brick-colored hairs curled at the man's throat, sprouting up from under a white T-shirt and a blue button-down shirt. He looked to Will as though he'd just stepped off a yacht.

"Nice to meet you, Will," Southworth said. "Your friend Kevin recommended you highly." His eyes dropped and toured, making a glancing appraisal, and Will tried to get used to the scrutiny. This was his first gig—he hadn't even gotten around to making his posters when Southworth gave him a call. He didn't even know how Kevin—*So that's his name,* he thought—had gotten his phone number.

"Let's get started," Southworth said. "You can undress behind the screen."

Will undressed quickly and stepped out from behind the screen. Southworth was busy with his setup. Without looking up, he said to Will, "Push that table away, would you? Maybe later for that."

Will settled into the chair, and Southworth got behind his easel, glancing at him and looking up at the light that poured in. "Get comfortable," he said, and Will found a posture that seemed enduring. "Yes, that's quite nice," Southworth said. Embarrassed and unsure of himself, Will did what he could to keep from smiling. He didn't even know what to look at.

"Chip," Southworth said.

"Beg your pardon?" Will said, raising his eyebrows high, afraid to move any other body part.

"My name is Chip," Southworth repeated. "Rather, that's what I'm called. Please call me Chip."

Will heard the scratch of charcoal against paper—that and Southworth murmuring to himself again and again, peering around the side of the easel. He moved around a great deal, stepping back to eye his work and lifting his arms over his head and stretching.

"You're good," he said after a while. "Kevin was right."

Will made a mental note to buy his lifting partner a beer sometime.

"Your legs are quite defined," Southworth said a bit later. "You must run."

And then, after what seemed like hours to Will's restless body, Southworth made a suggestion: "How about a break?"

Will got up from his pose and shook his limbs to revive them. The studio door opened, and Hartley carried in a tray with bottles and glasses. Will put his hands over his crotch,

suddenly very much aware of his nakedness. Hartley seemed not to notice and went about pouring bottled water into the two glasses. He handed one to Southworth and carried Will's over to him. Will had to uncover himself with one hand to take the glass.

"You're doing a fine job," Southworth said when Hartley had left the room. He paused to take a drink. "I'm glad you're different from your friend—that your body types are different, I mean."

Will nodded. Kevin was a couple of inches shorter and packed with muscle across the chest, shoulders, and arms. His legs were squat and a little bowed and furry with dark hair. Will was leaner, with longer muscles, and smoother, save for his thick brown bush of pubes. He absently plucked at them with his free hand. "Would you rather sit?" he heard Southworth say.

"Actually, no," he answered.

Southworth got himself a stool. "So, tell me about yourself," Southworth said.

"Not much to tell," Will replied. "I'm from upstate, a little town near Syracuse. I'm going to school."

Southworth hooked his heels on the stool's lower rung, and his knees split wide. Will spotted a darkness in the crotch of the man's pants where a seam had come undone and was now filled, Will guessed, with a wiry growth of curly snatch hair. Southworth did not speak much—and certainly not about himself—but was very attentive, and he drew much out of Will: about his growing up, key events in high school, what made him decide to study literature. But all the while Will spoke, he could not keep his eyes from the magnetic hole in Southworth's chinos. And he could not shake the strangeness of the situation—telling his life story while standing naked before another man. He had had the usual experiences with nudity—communal showers in the high school locker room, an occasional skinny dip with his buddies, and, of course, physical examinations, to which this situation seemed most similar. All that was missing was the rough handling of his balls and Southworth's telling him to cough.

They got back to work. Southworth wanted a number of shorter poses, standing this time. Will's mind wandered, listening to the soft noise of Southworth's drawing. His thoughts were now drawn to the dark hole in Southworth's chinos, and he found himself wondering what it would be like to touch his finger there—to put his tongue there, even. He imagined Southworth up on the stool with his legs on Will's shoulders. To his horror his prick began a jerky rise. He thanked God that his back was turned to Southworth, and Will concentrated on the shadow of his body that fell across the floor until he noticed the prominent silhouette of his engorged pecker jutting out from his midsection.

"Now face me," Southworth said, "and put your arms up over your head."

"I, uh…" Will said haltingly. "I need to go to the bathroom, I think." He said this over his shoulder. Southworth came out from behind his easel, fingering a stick of charcoal. Will laughed nervously.

"Oh," Southworth said. "Happens all the time. Happened just the other day to your friend Kevin."

Will took a step toward the door, trying his best to conceal his hard-on.

"I'll ring for Hartley—" Southworth offered.

"N-no, I can find it," Will stammered, limping to the door, his dick vibrating stiffly.

"There's an old trick models have when this sort of thing arises," Southworth said, getting to the door before Will and stopping him there. He glanced at the strong, thick stump that constituted Will's erection, its big pale head sporting a gaping piss slit. Hartley stepped in then, as good as summoned, ready to take care of the matter at hand. He too looked at Will's cock, sizing him up. "It's almost more thick than long," Southworth observed.

"Sir," Hartley said, nodding in agreement.

"Hartley will take care of this for you, Will. Hartley was once a model himself, weren't you, Hartley? And a damn fine one too," Southworth continued, without waiting for a response. "My uncle hired him for me when I came home from studying at the Sorbonne. And he's been with me ever since." Southworth settled onto his stool again and spread his legs, exposing that dark hole. He wiped his charcoaled hands on this thighs. "Anyway," he said with a wave of his hand, "time is wasting, and there's only so much good light left."

"Please be seated," Hartley said, and Will sat down on the chair by the screen, his rod standing upright. Hartley pushed Will's knees apart and positioned himself on his knees between the boy's bare feet.

"I—" Will started.

"Oh, it works," Southworth assured the boy. "Works every time. You just sit back and relax, and Hartley will take care of you."

Will looked at the man at his feet. His hair was the color of steel, and his eyes were blue. His tongue slipped out and went over his lips as he bowed his head over the fat of Will's prick. Will felt the man's breath first, a warm rush of air. He looked over at Southworth, who sat watching with interest. He winked at Will, smiling coolly and nodding as Hartley closed his mouth around the pink flange of Will's cock head.

Hartley took the thing to the bone, his jaw seeming to dislocate to accommodate Will's clublike thickness. He felt Hartley's throat tighten around the end of his dick. *This is crazy,* he was thinking. He also thought of his gym pal, Kevin, sitting in this very chair and getting his knob worked over. *Would love to have been here for that,* he said to himself, leaning back and closing his eyes, feeling the warm liquid of Hartley's mouth sliding up and down his shaft, slipping off to nibble on Will's balls, sliding a tongue under them and lifting them. They rolled into his mouth, and he sucked hard on them. Will squirmed. He'd never been blown so excellently—he had yet to find a girl even willing to give him head, save for some chick he picked up once at the shore who blew him under the boardwalk. But that job paled in comparison to the one he was getting from Hartley, who went back to Will's throbbing stick and swallowed it again and again. Will grabbed the man's head and fucked his cock into that hot mouth, stretching Hartley's lips thin and tight, gagging him with the fat, hard stubby.

"You wanna eat my load, pal?" he said, oblivious now to Southworth, who was sitting still and rapt, his mouth opened slightly, a rage of hardness buckled up in his tight chinos.

"Yes," Will heard Southworth croak, his voice crumbling with lust. "Give it to him."

Will stared at Southworth and twisted his fingers into the grayed hairs of Hartley's head, blasting a mouth-filling load into him, cursing through clenched teeth, his whole body twitching as Hartley sucked out the last stringy remains from Will's hypersensitive piss hole.

"Very nice," Southworth said, getting up from his stool, his cock visible in outline. He went back to his easel, his hands from time to time pressing on the formidable lump that lay like pipe beneath the thin cloth of his pants. Hartley got himself to his feet, wiping his mouth with his fingers and pulling a handkerchief from his pocket, handing it to Will. Will looked at the white cloth, realizing he was to wipe himself with it.

"So," Southworth said casually, "if you'll just stand beside the chair and maybe lean against it, we'll see how that looks."

Getting back to work, Will found the time passing quickly. He glanced at Southworth, who came out from behind his easel to study something, some odd cast of light or problem with foreshortening, absently thumbing the fly of his trousers. He crossed his arms over his chest and smiled. "I see," he said, "that we're running into that problem again," as Will felt the beginnings of another erection, the slow, lumbering fill of blood as his pecker fattened and stood out from his body like a railroad spike.

"I'm really sorry," Will said, sure that his modeling days were over, at least with Chip Southworth.

"Not to worry," Southworth said. "I was just going to suggest we wrap up anyway." As he spoke he kept his gaze on Will's hard-on, and he had his hands on his belt, undoing it and then his pants, opening them up and letting them fall to his knees. He toed off his loafers and unbuttoned his shirt so that he was standing in his undershirt and nothing else, his long curving prick protruding like a saber. His thighs were muscled and freckled, and his crotch was dark with hair the color of brick and mud and clay. Will stood still, as if locked in a pose. Having just received his first blow job from a guy (which was fantastic enough), Will decided—since that's what he had been wanting ever since he was a teenager, when he fell in love with everyone from Mr. Tucker, his baseball coach, to the calculus teacher he had in 11th grade to his geeky but massively hung neighbor Freddie Schwartz, who didn't mind jacking off in front of Will—to have another shot at getting off, all in the same day and with another, even hotter, guy. It was almost too much. Almost.

He put his hands on Will's chest, palming the boy's nipples, leaving the black dust of charcoal on them.

"I've obviously overestimated Hartley's talents," Southworth said. "Or perhaps I've underestimated yours."

Southworth took a few steps toward Will, close enough to touch Will's belly with the pointed end of his prick. He put his hands on Will's chest, palming the boy's nipples, leaving the black dust of charcoal on them. He mauled the muscles and took Will's points between his thumb and forefinger, pulling hard and twisting. Will felt weak and enslaved; no one had ever touched him this way. His dick twitched heavily, its end greasy with ooze. Southworth let go of Will's tits and put his hands on the boy's shoulders. Will felt his knees go weak.

He had never had cause to think of himself as a cocksucker and had never really imagined it ever happening, but he found himself now with Southworth's worthy dick in his face. He looked up at Southworth's face, handsome as a movie star's, and swallowed hard. "I never—" he started, and he saw Southworth smile.

"It's easier than you think," the man said. Will looked at the cock, which seemed suddenly quite long. He opened his mouth and tasted the tip. He sniffed the shaft and pushed the man's balls with his tongue. Southworth held the thing down for him, and it slipped into Will's mouth easily. "Not too much at once," he heard above him. "This is best when eased into." The smooth head slipped over his tongue, in and then out, and stringy spit thick as honey fell onto Will's knees. The cock went back in—more of it this time—and Will felt himself fighting a gag. Southworth's hands dropped to Will's tits again, causing Will to grip his own dick, jacking the hot fistful. He heard Southworth make a noise—a moan, maybe, or a deep-rooted sigh—as Will took the man deeper into his throat.

Southworth put his hands under Will's armpits and pulled him up. He pushed the boy back until Will felt the edge of the table against his butt. Southworth removed the vase and told Will to sit up on the table. "Lie back," Southworth said, and Will did, with his butt at the end and his legs hanging over, his toes not touching the floor. Southworth got in between his legs. "Put your heels up," he said, and Will did, feeling the first lick of tongue on his butt hole, causing him to yelp and tighten up convulsively. Southworth poked into the hole with his finger, and Will's mind swirled: *No way* gave way to *Maybe*.

"That's quite a grip you've got there," Southworth said.

"Thanks—I think," Will replied.

"Have you ever?" Southworth asked from Will's crotch.

"Not ever," Will said, looking up at the ceiling as Southworth moved his finger in and out of the boy's hole. It was not unpleasant, but Will worried about his personal hygiene. "Am I, uh...clean down there?" he wanted to know. "I could wash up or something."

"You're fine, just fine," Southworth said. As if to prove this, he lapped the hole with his velvety tongue, soaking the dark hairs that surrounded it, even pushing into Will's boy cunt, causing the boy to curl his toes and make throaty noises. He crossed his arms over his face, amazed at the strangeness of things, especially the fact that a man's head was between his legs, chowing on his bung hole. *Weird as hell*, he thought, *but not bad, not bad at all*. He felt himself opening up to Southworth's hungry mouth, his hole going soft and mushy.

"You wouldn't mind if I introduced a little toy, would you?" Southworth said, getting up. Will's asshole missed Southworth's gnawings immediately. Will watched the man walk over to the table and open a drawer. He saw Southworth pull out a dildo.

"You said 'little,'" Will said, propping himself up on his elbows. Southworth was wielding a fake pecker that was bigger than any other Will had ever seen—thick as his own, if not thicker, and a couple of inches longer than Southworth's. The man held it like a billy club, and it occurred to Will that he'd almost *rather* it were a billy club.

"Are you game?" the man said.

Will swallowed hard. It didn't seem possible, having that thing up inside him. *Where,* he wondered, *would his displaced innards go?*

"We'll get you started with something smaller," Southworth said, his tone warm and jocular. He rubbed his hands together as if he were going to give Will a rubdown. He licked his finger and pushed it into Will. He swirled it around, and Will squirmed but decided it wasn't all that bad. The second finger wasn't so hot at first–and he almost said "Forget it"–but that too began to feel all right after a while as Southworth worked them in and out and in again.

Will sat up to look at Southworth, who was intent on his work and staring at Will's pussy as if it were a work of art. Will's cock hovered hard over his belly. He petted it, and it bobbed and stiffened more. Without thinking, he smeared a finger on his piss slit and brought the gooey digit to his mouth to taste the dripping honey that was on it. Southworth noticed this, and Will felt for a moment as if he had been caught picking his nose. He held out the finger for Southworth to try.

Will soon asked for Southworth to insert a third finger into his hole, and a fourth followed shortly thereafter. Southworth was fucking him with half a hand, assuring Will that he was ready for the next step. Southworth stood up and thumbed his prick down until the head slipped into Will's gash.

"This is nice," Southworth said, running his hands along Will's smooth thighs, massaging the muscles cabled beneath the skin. The cock head slipped in easily, the hole already soft, wet, and heated up. Southworth pushed himself in all the way so that the curling hairs of Will's ass commingled with the wiry bush that surrounded the base of Southworth's shaft. The man bent over the boy and put his lips to Will's sternum, leaning to the right to slide over a beady nipple and take it gently in his teeth. Will squeezed his eyes shut; his nips were almost too sensitive, and the toothy pressure took his breath away. His cock squirmed, trapped between their bellies, and he bucked his hips for some friction, feeling the furry rasp of the hairs that covered Southworth's lower abs and spread up across his chest, nearly concealing his red nipples. Will sought those out with his fingers, got them in his grip, and hung on them, causing Southworth to moan and hump into Will with short jerky jabs.

This is kind of nice, Will was thinking. He lay on his back, legs in the air, held by the ankles in Southworth's firm grip. He got his hand on his dick and stroked himself to match the stroke of Southworth's boner deep inside him. He looked into the man's sky-blue eyes, and a familiar feeling washed over him, which was odd because he couldn't have found himself having an odder experience than the one he was having right now. He closed his eyes and saw a flash of something: a baseball falling from nowhere, out of the air like some fallen piece of sky. It hit him squarely between the eyes, knocking him on his ass. When he opened his eyes again–they would both be black the next day, his nose broken–he saw his coach's face, beard-rough, sunburned, openmouthed. "You OK?" Coach wanted to know. Will couldn't speak. A bag of ice found its way gently over his face, and Coach Tucker put his hand on Will's chest and kept it there. "Break it up and hit the track–five miles in a half hour, or you'll do it all over again till you get it right!" he shouted, and Will's teammates jogged away grumbling. Will tried to get up too. "No way, sport," Coach said, his hand centered strongly between the boy's tits, fingers rubbing over Will's left nipple, making him feel bad and good all at once. "You stay put," Coach said, touching the boy's thigh firmly and sensually, so that Will found himself erect, his athletic cup filling with hard, bent dick, the cup rising, dislodging. "Enough of that, now," Tucker said, his hand glancing over the considerable bulge and patting the boy's stomach.

Southworth pulled out with a soft sucking noise, and he slapped Will's flank. "Down," he ordered, and Will got off the table. Southworth turned him around and bent him over the table, pushing his legs apart. He entered Will again, holding on to the boy's white ass cheeks. Will tilted his pelvis to get more of Southworth's dick, and he played with the dildo that lay on the table. He gripped the monster thing with both hands and looked at the rubber head. It appeared to be bigger than the circle Will could make with his mouth. The shaft filled his hands, and the head was a challenge in itself. "Lick it," he heard Southworth say. "Go ahead and taste it. That prick was up your buddy's ass just yesterday."

"You're full of shit," Will said, twisting around to look at the man fucking him.

"Honest," Southworth said, pumping a little more roughly, making the boy grunt and drop his head onto his folded arms. Southworth reached under and grabbed Will's fevered cock. He jacked the wrist-thick piece, and Will sniffed the dildo, catching a funky scent of something. He licked the tip with his tongue, tasting the salty-sweet flavor that remained. *Wouldn't mind reaming him myself,* Will thought, and his dick ached with the image of the sweaty, hairy fucker squatting down and taking Will's prick up the butt.

The image was so vivid that Will found himself sucking in earnest on the giant rubber cock and taking Southworth's thrusts with pleasure. The man's handling of his pecker was bringing him closer and closer, and something inside him–some button or knob–went hard from the knocking of Southworth's cock. Will felt some switch get triggered that made his dick stiffen even more and cannonball a series of gobs that emptied completely his big bag of balls. He shouted out with each burst, choking himself on the huge dildo and driving Southworth to distraction. The man pummeled into the boy's hole and brought himself just short of shooting when he pulled out and sprayed his cock lotion all over Will's sweaty, muscled back.

Will was hefting a pair of dumbbells when he spotted Kevin.

"What's up?" they said simultaneously.

"You see Southworth?" Kevin asked, pulling at the crotch of his cutoff sweats, filled excellently.

Will stared at the elastic waistband of jockstrap that showed. He nodded.

"I'm taking a drawing class this semester," Kevin added casually. His eyes seemed to stroll across Will's body. He looked up from whatever he was looking at and smiled, green eyes lighting up. "I could use a model myself," he said. "Some figure studies. You know."

WIll nodded, starting to smile himself.

"Do you, like, have a student rate?" Kevin asked. "Could you cut me some sort of break or something?"

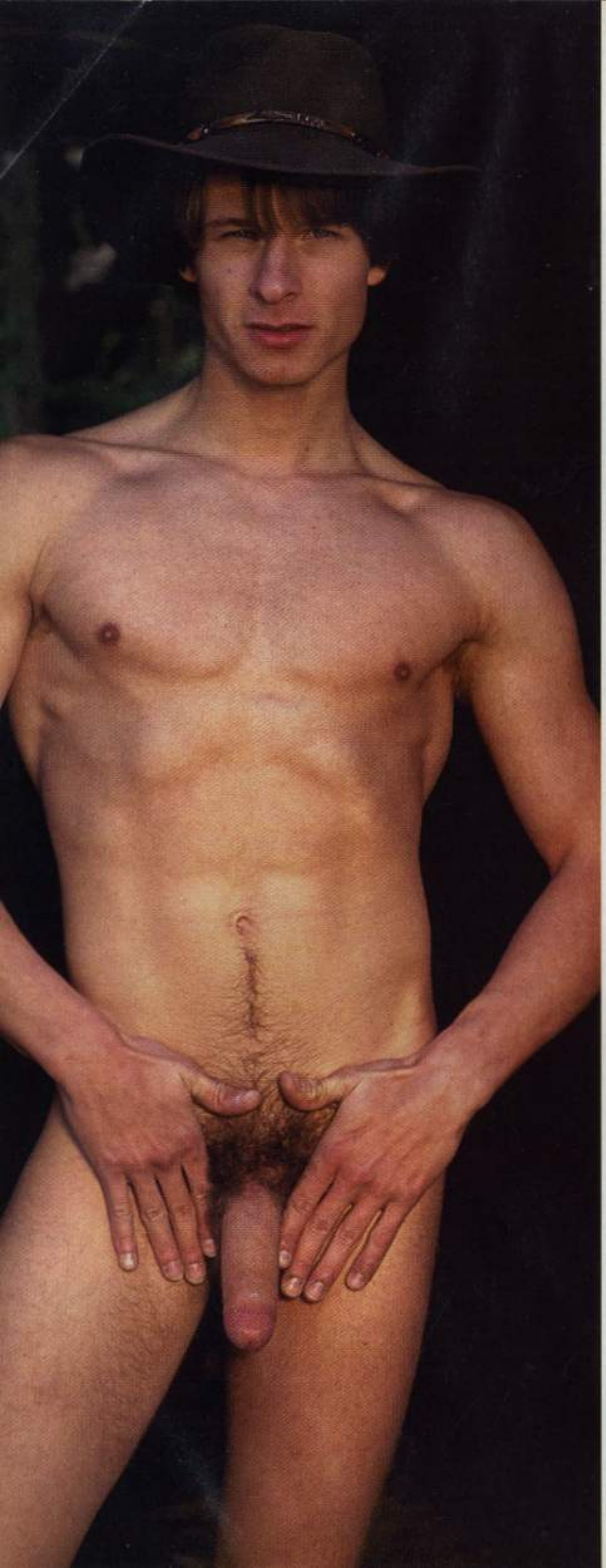
Will did a few curls with the dumbbells. His biceps balled as big as grapefruits. He bent over, dropped the weights, and looked up at Kevin, his head at crotch level.

"Yeah," Will said, winking, "I think we can work something out." ●

There once was a farmer's son. His father had recently run off with the bar wench from the village. He was a simple lad and good of heart. The day that the wandering salesman came to call, the lad tried to send him away, saying that his father would forbid it.

Model: **Leo Husek**
Photography: **Bel Ami**

The salesman asked to speak to the father, of course. When the boy seemed confused, the salesman grinned like a fox. "Well, since there is no father here, I should stay on and be a father for you. You certainly need some help." And the boy smiled .



The salesman objected when the boy went to prepare the barn. "I will sleep in the bedroom with you. I am the father of the house now. You have been staying up too late. We are going to bed early from now on." The noon-day sun warmed their backs as they walked to the house.

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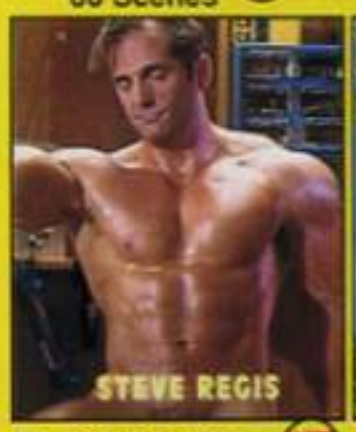

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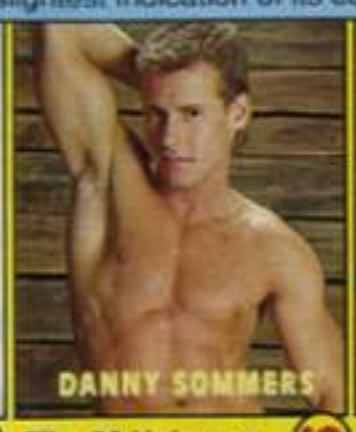

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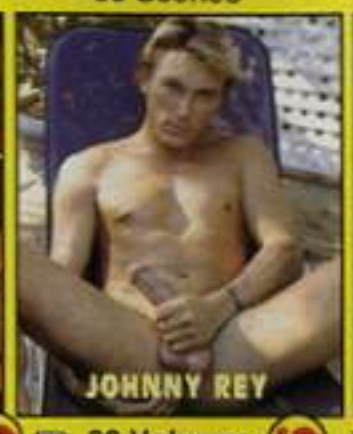

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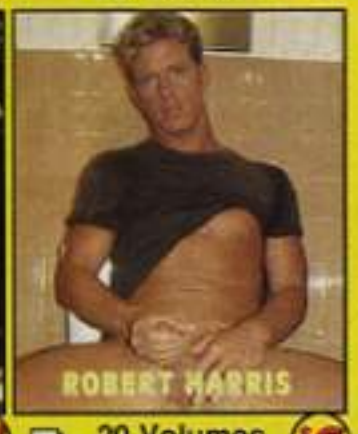

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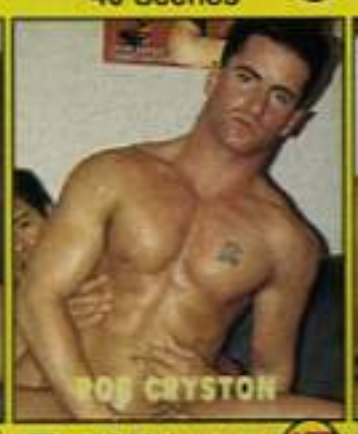

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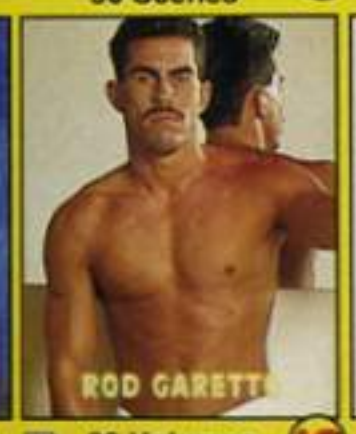

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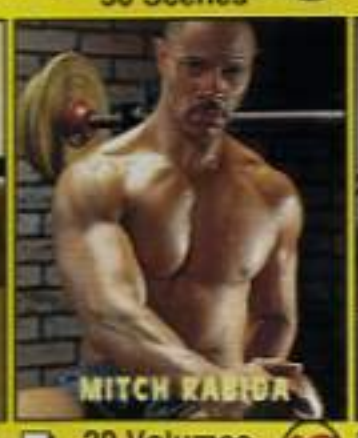

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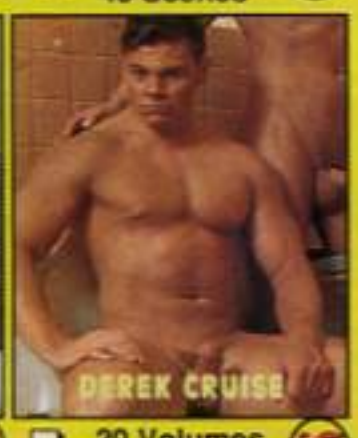

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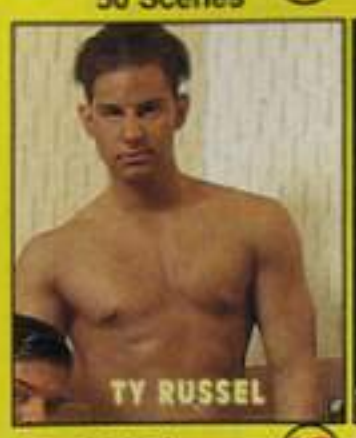

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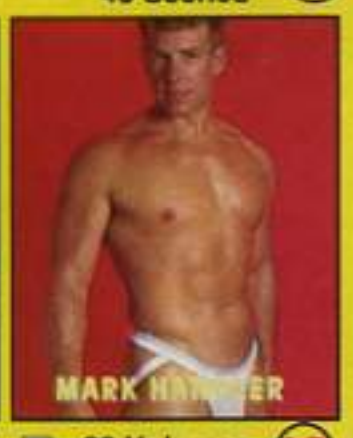

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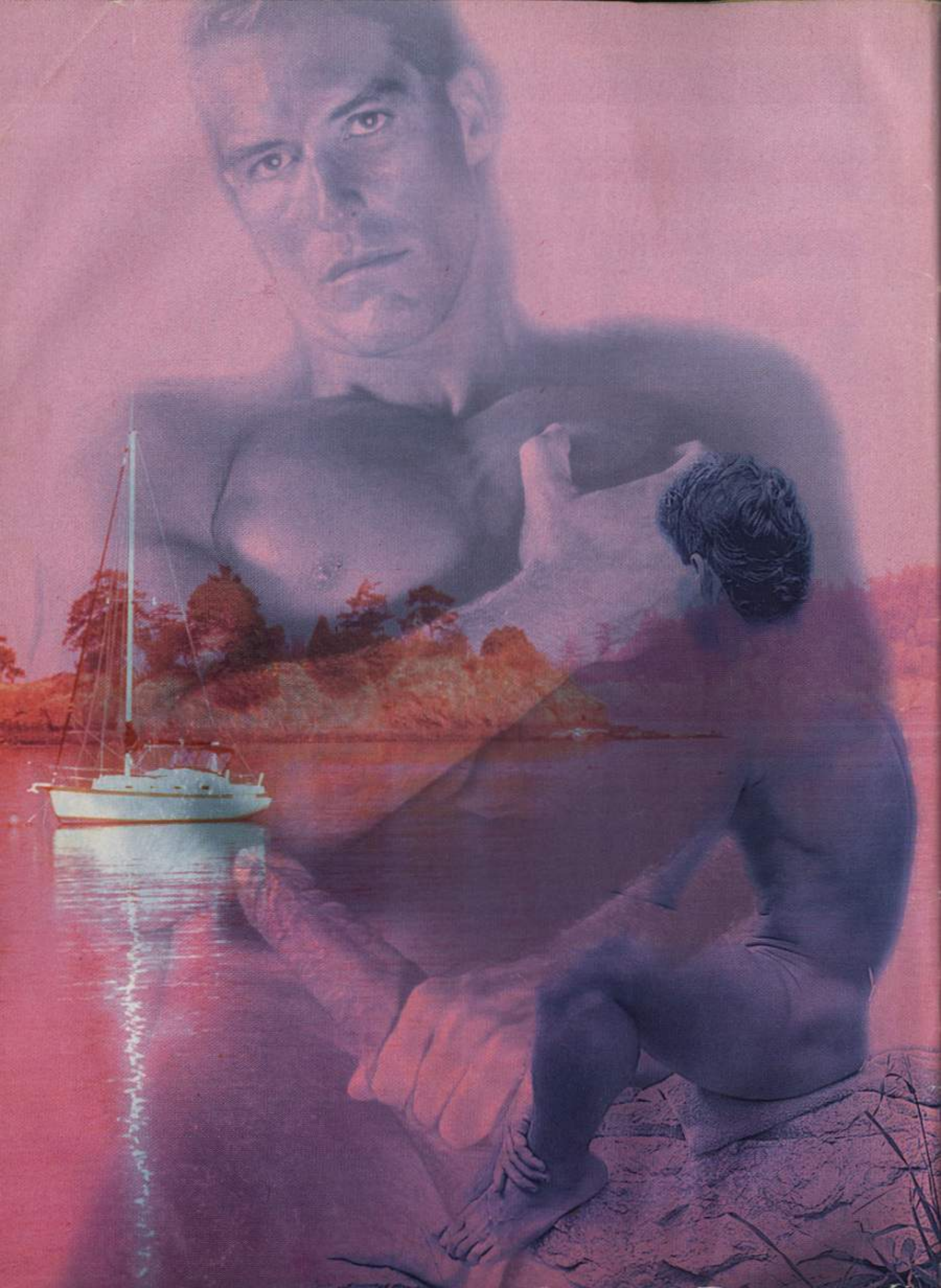

the ways of the father

by tom caffrey

I could tell by the off-key singing and the thin mist of steam coming from beneath the bathroom door that Jesse was taking a shower. I knew he was in a good mood because he was really letting loose, belting out the words in his deep voice as the water spattered against the plastic curtain. He always forgot to close it completely, and there was probably going to be a huge puddle on the floor by the time he was done. His clothes were scattered around the room, and the biology textbook on his desk was still open to the same page it had been on when I'd left for my history class an hour before.

Jesse had transferred to Evans from another university at the beginning of the year after being recruited by the baseball coach. We played on the team together, he in right field and I at second base, and we ended up living together when my original roommate dropped out after the first month. When Jesse asked if he could move in, I was quick to say yes, since by then I had a major crush on him. But I also knew it was a big mistake.

The first time I'd seen Jesse naked in the locker room, I'd fallen for him. Closing in on six feet tall, he was the kind of guy you'd expect to see working shirtless in a cornfield somewhere in the Midwest, his skin tanned by days under the sun and his muscles tight from hard work. His light brown hair set off his startling blue-green eyes, and he had a slow, relaxed way of talking that made me wonder what it would be like to kiss his full lips and feel his hands running over my back. It didn't help any that he had a beautiful cock to go with the rest of him. Long and cut, it swung between his legs as he walked, the head hanging a couple of inches below his heavy, hairless balls. His ass was just as delicious, and it was all I could do not to reach out and touch the round curves of his cheeks every time he walked by me.

As I listened to the sounds of Jesse showering, I began to picture how he must look at that instant. I imagined the water running over his smooth, muscled chest and down his strong legs, the soap slipping around his cock and balls and falling in soft clouds as he lathered himself up. I saw his wet hair plastered to his forehead and knew just how it would smell if I nuzzled him behind the ear, what it would feel like to lick his neck. I wondered if he was playing with himself, his prick stiffening in his hand as he stroked it slowly, the water beating on his skin like fingers as he rubbed his balls. I could see the thick head of his dick swell as he pumped it full of heat, his hand gliding along the long shaft, sudsy with foam.

As the picture in my mind grew more intense, my cock began to harden in my jeans. I rubbed it through my pants as I thought about Jesse jerking off in the next room, pleasuring himself while he thought he was alone. I wanted to see him bring himself off, arching his back under the water as the long thread of warm, creamy come I knew would shoot from his dick smacked against the tiles. Better yet, I wanted him to come on my face, his load covering my lips and neck with sweet jism that I could lick off and taste on my tongue.

The idea of it was too much. Checking to make sure the bathroom door was tightly closed, I quickly unbuttoned my jeans and slid them off. My prick strained against the cotton of my boxers, and a thick smear of cock juice stained the material where the head of my fat eight-incher was leaking in anticipation. Removing my shirt, I lay down on my bed and spread my legs. My dick stretched along my furry belly, the whiteness of its skin pale against the dark hair that surrounded it. My balls had pulled up against my body, and I worked them in one hand as I started to stroke my tool, urging a stream of silvery drool from the little pink lips of my bullet-shaped head. As I pumped my shaft, I envisioned hot soapy water sliding down the crack of Jesse's bare ass, the heat making his skin flush as the blood surged to the surface. I wanted to be standing behind him, rubbing the head of my dick along his crack, sliding it beneath his balls as I fucked him

My fantasy seemed so real that I didn't hear Jesse turn off the water.

slowly between the legs.

I pictured Jesse bending over in the shower, his golden ass cheeks parting to reveal his rosy pucker as he braced himself against the wall so that I could enter him. I could practically feel the warmth of him as I soaped up my cock and slipped it into his tight hole, sliding all eight inches of my prick up his chute in one long rush. I would put my arms around him to pull him tightly against me, and I knew how his nipples would feel in my fingers when I pinched them gently as I fucked him from behind, my hairy stomach slipping along his smooth back. It was so real that I started to groan as I got closer and closer to spilling over.

In fact, my fantasy seemed so real that I didn't hear Jesse turn off the water. Just as I was about to come, I detected the movement of shadow as the bathroom door began to open. I flipped over onto my stomach at the same moment that Jesse walked in wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. His prick made a sizable bulge under the white cloth, obviously still half stiff from the workout he'd just given it. My own cock, swollen and overheated, was pressed painfully against my groin as I pretended to be resting casually on the bed. I was still close to coming, and my balls were aching from the need to release their load.

Jesse walked past me and slapped me roughly on the ass, just as if we were in the locker room after a practice. The touch of his hand on my butt sent me over the edge, and I blew my load in three giant spurts. I could feel warm come squirting all over my belly, and I ground my face into my pillow, trying not to moan out loud from the intense feeling crashing through me. I came so hard that my asshole was tensing and releasing as my balls emptied beneath me.

"So, what's going on?" Jesse asked as he dropped his towel and pulled some underwear and jeans out of his dresser drawer.

I was still riding the wave of my orgasm and had to swallow a few times before I could answer him. "Not much," I finally said, feeling the hot load beneath me soaking into the sheets and sticking to my hair. Jesse didn't seem to notice that anything was out of the ordinary, and I wondered how the hell I was going to get up without his seeing the mess on my belly and dick. To make things worse, he came and stood right beside me while he pulled on his shorts, his big cock bouncing only inches from my face as he tucked it away.

"Hey, what are you doing this weekend?" he asked.

I cleared my head and tried to sound normal. "Nothing, I guess. Why?"

Jesse sat on my bed and pulled on his socks, his ass only inches from where my prick was still burning from the force of my shots. I could feel the warmth of his skin and started to get hard again. "My dad has a vacation house on a lake about two hours from here," he said. "I'm going up there, and he said I could bring someone along if I wanted to. Feel like coming along?"

While I'd certainly thought about it enough times, I'd never tried anything with Jesse. There had been many nights when I'd lain only feet away from him with a raging hard-on, thinking about lifting the sheets and giving him the blow job of his life. And more than once I'd seen him in the showers after practice and had to leave before my stiffening cock betrayed what I was thinking about doing to his sweet ass. But I'd always been too scared to actually approach him, and now with summer closing in on the school year, my chances were running out. A weekend in a house with him seemed like a perfect opportunity, even if his mother and father would be there.

"Sure," I said. "I'd like to meet your parents."

"Oh, it'll just be my dad," Jesse said. "My folks divorced when I was 7."

Great, I thought, *it's going to be a father-and-son weekend, and I'll be spending it trying to get into junior's pants.* I could just see it—meeting Jesse's father and saying, "It's really nice of you to invite me up, sir. Do you mind if I suck off your son in your house later on?" Fortunately, Jesse got up then and sat down at his desk to study some more, and I was able to get up and into the bathroom before he could see the come stain on my stomach. A quick shower of my own and another round of beating off, and he never knew anything had happened.

Friday afternoon we cut our last two classes and drove the two hours up to the house. The whole time we were on the road, I kept thinking of ways to get my hands on Jesse's body. I pictured doing him in the woods near the lake or on the living room floor while his father slept. I even fantasized that maybe we'd have to share a bed. A couple of times my hard-on poked against my jeans, and I had to think about something else to keep from giving myself away.

When we got to the house, Jesse pulled in and honked his horn in greeting. A man came out from behind the house and waved. "That's Dad," Jesse said as he pulled to a stop. "Don't worry if he seems a little surprised to see you. I think he thought I was bringing a girlfriend with me or something."

"Oh, thanks," I said, punching him in the arm. "I'll just tell him that we're special friends. That should really make him happy."

Jesse just grinned wickedly and opened the door. "Come on," he said. "It won't be so bad."

I got out and followed him, wondering for the first time why it was that Jesse *hadn't* brought a girl with him. There certainly were enough who would have come in a second if he'd asked. My spirits rose as I let myself think that maybe he was interested in me after all.

But first I had to get past his father. In his early 40s, Jake Hendricks was simply an older version of his son. He was a little taller and a little broader in the shoulders, but he had the same blue-green eyes and the same light brown hair, though his was cut shorter than Jesse's and was beginning to gray at the sides. Jesse had once told me his father owned a construction company, and it was easy to picture him walking around a building site barking out instructions. When Jesse introduced us he grasped my hand in a firm grip and smiled as he shook it, his lip curled up in the same way Jesse's did. I could easily see Jesse looking just like him in 20 years.

"Good to meet you, Tom," he said evenly. "I wondered who Jess would bring with him."

"Thanks, Mr. Hendricks," I said, hoping he wasn't going to ask what his son was doing bringing a guy home. "It's nice to be here."

We went inside, and my first fantasy crumbled to dust

as Jesse took his bag into one bedroom and pointed down the hall to where I would sleep. Not only were we not going to share a bed, we weren't even going to share a room. Dejected, I walked down what seemed an endless hallway and into my room. Large and airy, it had a huge bed and a window that opened out on a view of the lake. I sat on the bed and was thankful that it didn't squeak. Since it seemed like the only action I was going to get all weekend was going to be with my fist, it was nice to know the whole house wouldn't hear me beating off alone.

While I was having a great time, it became clear very quickly that my plans for a sex-filled weekend were not going to happen. I tried several times over the next two days to be alone with Jesse, but that prospect seemed doomed. Sunday night came much too quickly. That night Mr. Hendricks cooked steaks outside, and we sat on the big screened-in porch eating while the sun settled into the lake, turning it into a pool of copper fire. Jake treated us like two best friends, and it was relaxing to just sit drinking beer with two other guys in such a secluded setting. The beer even made me feel a little bold, and I decided that after dinner I was going to try to get Jesse alone.

When we were done eating, I stood up and stretched. "That was really great, Jake," I said cheerfully. "I think I'm going to take a walk and work a little of it off. You want to come, Jess?"

Jesse shook his head. "No. I think I'm going to head up to bed. We have to leave pretty early tomorrow if we're going to make our first class, and I'm really tired."

I saw my last chance go up in smoke. After a long, dejected walk by the lake, where I must have thrown half of the stones on the shore back into the water, I wandered back to the house. It was dark, and I figured Jesse and Jake were both in bed. Pausing outside Jesse's door, I heard his rhythmic breathing. I listened for a minute before finally going into my own room alone. Undressing, I went and stood at the window, looking out at the streaks of silver moonlight slipping over the black waves.

Just as I was about to turn around and go to bed, I felt someone come up behind me. Arms wrapped around my waist, and I was pulled back against a hard, rippled stomach. Warm breath tickled my neck, and then there was a tongue running along my skin. The hands caressing my body slipped between my legs and started playing with my cock and balls.

"I thought I heard you come back in," a voice whispered low in my ear. "I've been waiting for you."

"You look so hot with my cock in your mouth."

I couldn't believe it! After all this time my fantasy about Jesse was coming true. My cock hardened quickly as his strong fingers stroked it in long, slow movements and his mouth worked its way over my neck, kissing me gently. I could feel the soft hairs on his arms rasp against my skin as he held me. He was naked, and as he slid his body up and down my ass, I felt his prick swelling against me, thick and warm. It was just as I'd imagined—only now it was real, hot flesh touching my skin. I wanted to take him in my mouth.

Turning around, I dropped to my knees in the darkness, anxious to taste Jesse's big dick. I reached for his stiff pole and wrapped my hand around it. It was a lot larger than I had imagined, and it was a stretch even to get my fingers all the way around the rock-hard shaft. I held him in my hand for a moment, feeling his hardness, then leaned forward and kissed the soft skin of his balls, breathing in his scent as I started to lick his cock from the root up the huge shaft. When I reached the head, I sucked it gently, running my tongue around the ridge. "I've been waiting a long time for this," I said, looking up at him from my position at his feet.

But it wasn't Jesse's face I was looking into. It was Jake's. Between the shadows in the room and the surprise of what was happening, I hadn't even noticed that it was Jesse's father and not Jesse who was making love to me. Now I knelt with his stiff cock in my hand and my mouth on fire from having kissed his warm dick flesh. I could still taste him on my tongue, and I wanted more. So many feelings raced through me that I couldn't even think straight. I just sat there feeling the blood beat through Jake's prick as I looked into his eyes.

I stopped thinking when Jake's hand gripped the back of my head and urged me forward. The touch of his strong fingers seemed to break the spell, and I opened my mouth to receive him. His cock head slipped between my lips easily, and several inches of dick poured into my throat as the taste of him flooded me. Jake continued to push me onto his tool, and I let myself give in to his insistent hands.

When he'd gotten as much of his cock into me as he possibly could, Jake started to pump my mouth slowly, letting me feel every inch of him as his shaft passed over my tongue and lips. As I sucked him, I reached up and played with his huge balls, rubbing first one and then the other. Jake responded by increasing his thrusts, drawing the head of his dick out and sliding back in so that I could feast on him. He was making me so hot, I didn't care that he was my roommate's father. In fact, knowing that the cock and balls I was sucking had produced the guy I'd been lusting after made it even hotter. All I wanted was to feel him inside me, to service him until he rewarded me with his come.

"You look so hot with my cock in your mouth," he whispered gutturally. "Why don't you come over here so I can work on yours?"

I stood up and moved to the bed, where Jake motioned for me to lie down. When I was settled back against the pillows, he knelt between my legs and gripped both of our cocks in one hand. Jerking slowly, he pumped the lengths of our shafts while holding them together. I could feel his prick beating along with mine and his balls slapping softly against my own as they rose and fell with the movement of his hand. With his other hand Jake rubbed the muscles of my chest, letting his fingers pull at the thick hair.

"I'd love to see that nice hairy chest covered in some fresh come," he said, pulling up hard on my cock head.

"Just keep it up," I gasped, "and you won't have to wait very long."

Jake leaned back and gripped our pricks so that they were both sticking straight up, held in his firm grasp. He increased the speed of his movements, and I felt my load boiling to the surface. "Oh, Christ," I moaned. "I'm going to shoot all over the place."

"That's exactly what I want to see," Jake said, squeezing his cock against mine as the first volley exploded from my dick. A thick string of jism, pale as milk, splashed into the air and onto my chest, landing in a long line from my throat

to my balls. A second and third sent even more sticky drops onto my stomach and across Jake's hand. He continued to pump both of us, and I watched as his own dick head swelled and then released a mammoth load straight up in the air. The pearls of man juice scattered over his chest and fell back onto my balls, soaking me as he came repeatedly. I felt his prick jerking wildly as he shot again and again, unloading more come than I'd ever seen.

By the time we had both finished, my whole torso was spattered with spunk, and Jake's hand was dripping with it. Jake brought his hand to his mouth and licked some of the come from his fingers. "Tastes great," he said as he swallowed our mingled loads.

"Yeah, well, there's sure enough of it," I said as I fingered the sticky swirls on my chest.

Jake laughed, low and pleasant just like Jesse, and leaned down. Taking my cock in his mouth, he sucked it clean of every drop of leftover come. Then he moved up my body, licking up the smears of white as he worked his way toward my chest. His tongue darted into my navel and roamed through the line of fur on my stomach, sucking eagerly. When he reached one of my nipples, he bit it slightly, and a shiver ran down my spine. He sensed this and began to suck, gently at first and then more forcefully, until I was writhing on the bed. I put my hands on his head and pressed him to me, feeling my cock harden again as he worked me over with his tongue.

I was arched against Jake, my cock sliding between his legs as his mouth tortured my nipple, when he finally released my aching tit and moved his mouth up to my lips. He was hovering over me, resting his hands on either side of me as he bent and kissed me for the first time, the head of his cock resting on my stomach. My mouth welcomed his, and his tongue slipped inside. I reached up and pulled him down on top of me. The heaviness of him crushed me pleasantly as I let him cover my body with his, my arms going around his back.

The heaviness of him crushed me pleasantly as I let him cover my body with his, my arms going around his back.

Feeling Jake's hardness between my legs, I couldn't wait to have him inside my ass. I lifted up my legs a little on either side of him, and his cock slipped naturally under my balls and into the crack of my ass. I felt his bush press against my balls, and I pushed myself against him in return. "I want you to fuck me," I said in his ear. "I want to feel you fucking me as hard as you can."

Jake didn't have to be told twice. Sitting up, he pushed my knees back so that my asshole was exposed. He ran his hand across my hairy ass cheeks and massaged them roughly before plunging one thick finger into my waiting hole. I cried out a little as he penetrated me, but it felt great to have him inside. I hadn't been fucked in a long time, and my body welcomed the pressure inside my ass eagerly. When after a minute Jake pulled out and I felt the tip of his cock pressing against me, I held my breath.

Jake pushed forward and slid deep into my ass, my legs sliding over his broad shoulders. I clenched my teeth as pain ripped through me, and I felt tears coming to my eyes as my hole was stretched to its limits. Then, just as suddenly, he was in, and I could relax and enjoy the way he filled me up, the way his hands gripped my thighs. I could feel his dick twitching as he waited to start his thrusting, and I clamped my ass muscles around him.

At first he fucked me gently, slowly sliding the length of his tool in and out of my aching pucker, teasing me with the tip before popping back in. As he did, I stroked my cock in time with him. It felt so good to have him inside me that I was glad it was he and not Jesse. Jake probably knew a lot more than his son about how to really fuck a man, and I was enjoying every one of his tricks. He had me begging for more, and I was loving it.

Once I was worked up, Jake really began to pound me. Putting my hands on his ass, I could feel the thick muscles dimpling and releasing as he slapped against my thighs. My balls smacked heavily against his stomach as he plowed me, and my hole started to burn from the friction of his driving cock. Jake pushed my legs back until my knees were almost against my shoulders, giving him even more room to fuck me senseless. Again and again he pulled his prick out to the very end, letting my hole close over the tip before ripping me open again. I came close to losing my load several times, but each time I forced myself to wait, not wanting it to be over.

Jake began to groan, and I felt him start to come deep inside me, his cock swelling even wider as the load tore into my chute. Feeling Jake's huge man load stream into me, I couldn't stand it anymore. "I'm going to shoot," I moaned.

Jake slipped out of my ass and bent down. Grabbing my balls, he held them tightly as he slid my piece into his mouth. My dick began firing off round after round of jism as his lips closed around it. It felt as if I were being split in two as my body shook over and over and I came inside Jake's throat, pushing myself as far into him as I could. He slurped down every shot that blasted from my cock, his throat rippling as he drank it and his fingers pushing the last drops up my spent crank.

When he'd swallowed the last of my come, he let my dick fall from his lips and once more lay on top of me. I felt his heart beating as we lay in the darkness, and I ran my hands over his back. My asshole was warm with his load, and I could feel the ache where his prick had been.

"Does it bother you that it wasn't Jesse?" he asked. "I kind of got the feeling that you were interested in him. But you looked so hot standing there naked that I couldn't hold back any longer. I've been thinking about that ass of yours ever since you got here."

I laughed. "Yeah, well, I know what that's like. But no, it's OK. Besides, maybe that old saying is true. You know, Like father, like son."

Jake kissed me. "Well, I don't know about Jesse. But if that's the case, then I'd sure love to meet your dad."

The next morning, as Jesse and I were getting ready to leave, Jake came over to the car to say good-bye. "It was good having you, Tom," he said, his eyes shining. "Be sure and come again."

"Thanks, I'm sure I will," I said. Then, leaning close so only he could hear, I added, "I'm just not sure whether it will be with you or with Jesse." ●

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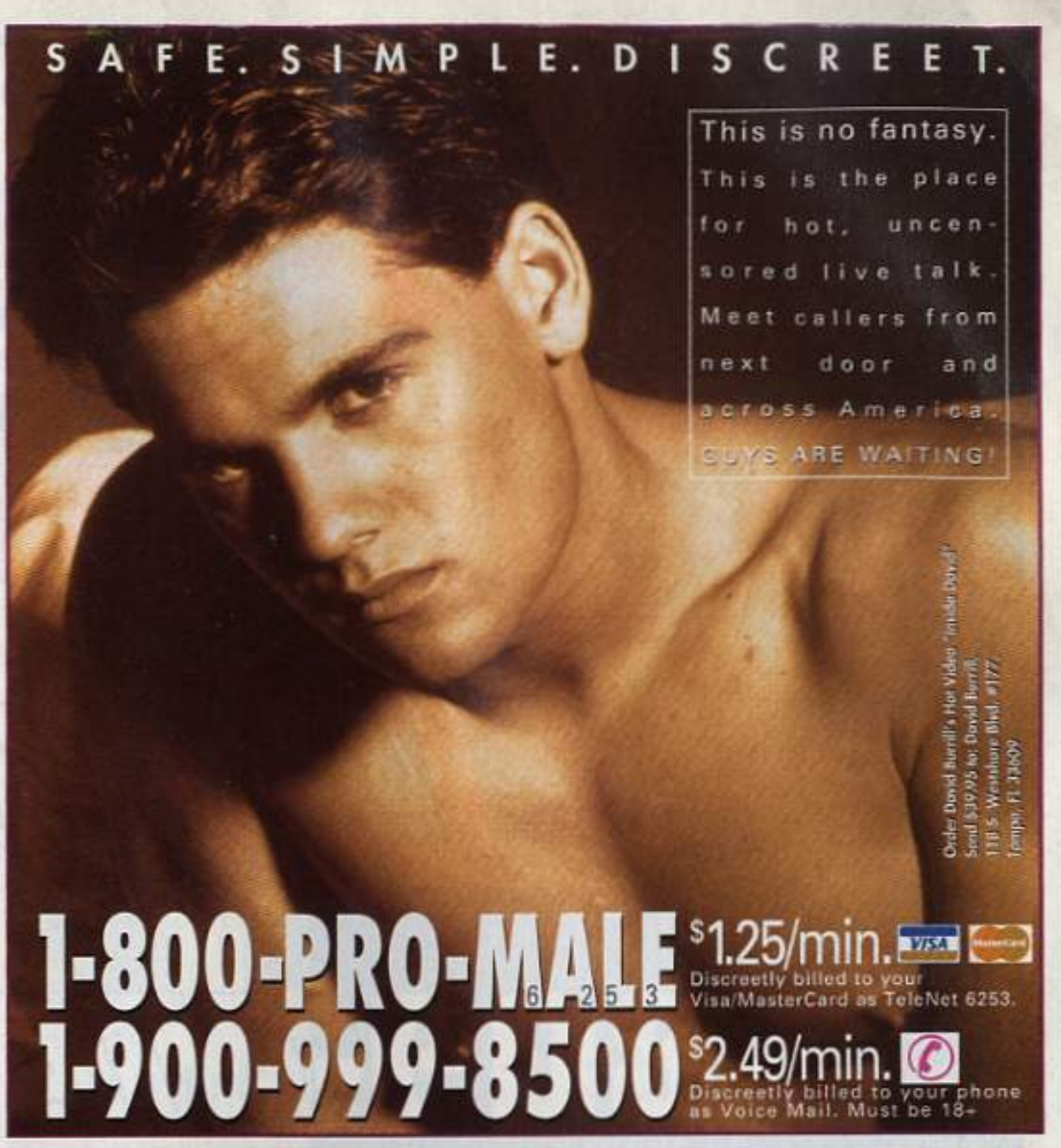
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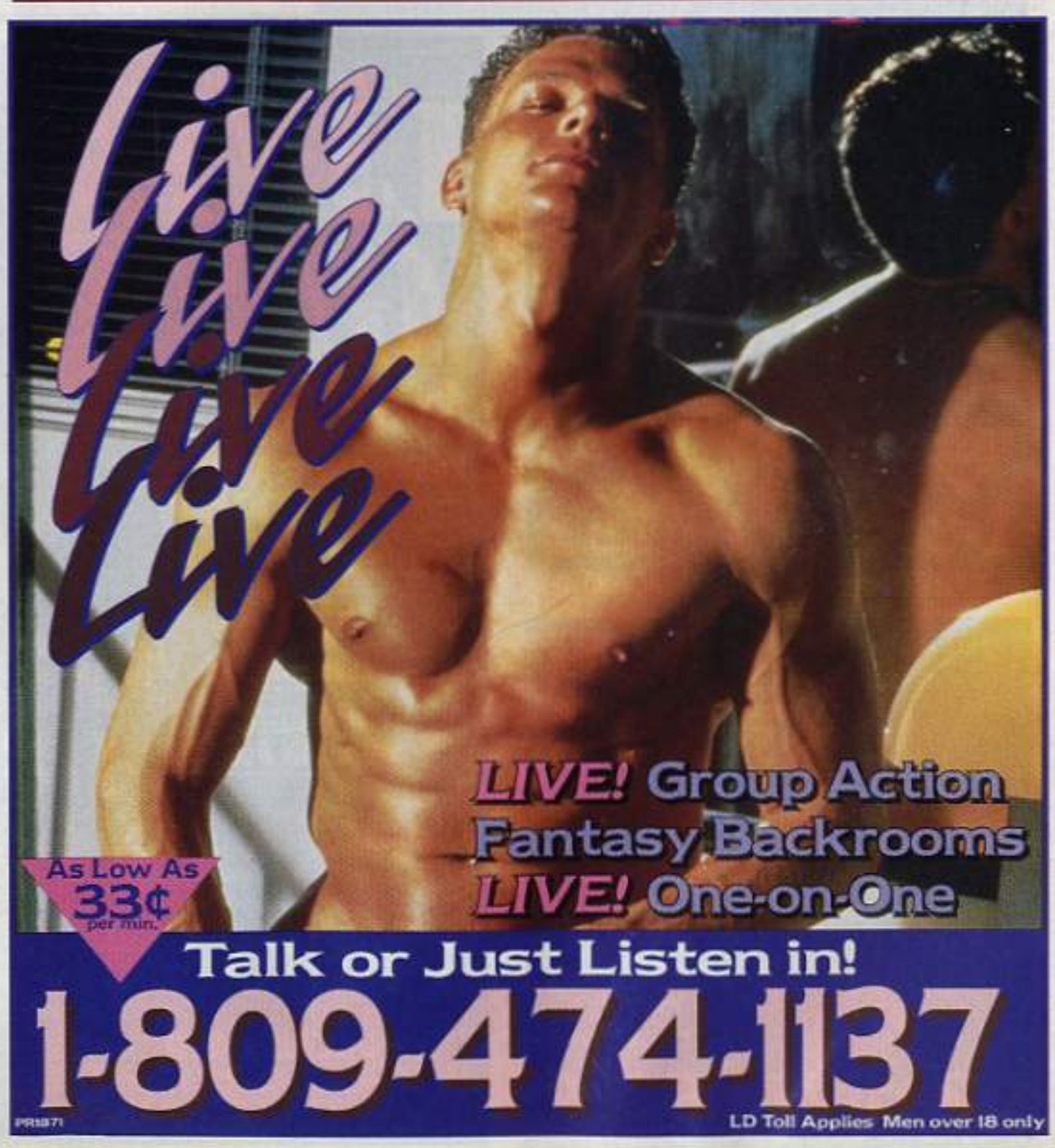
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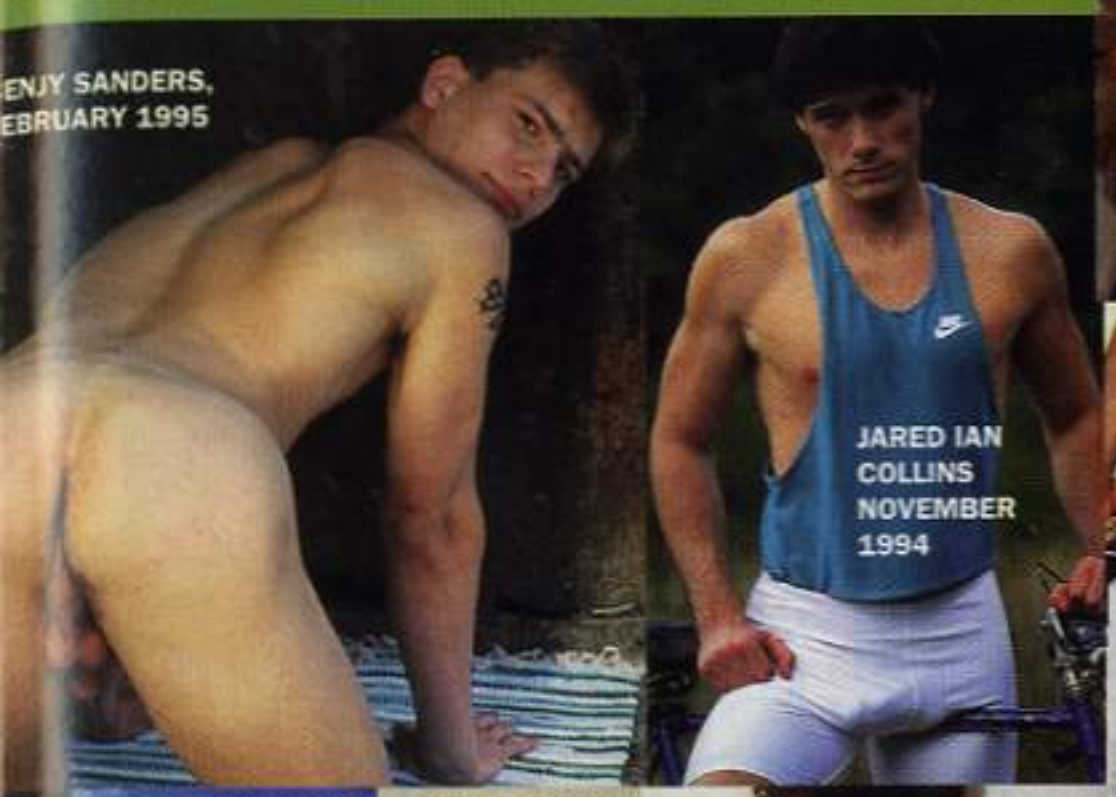

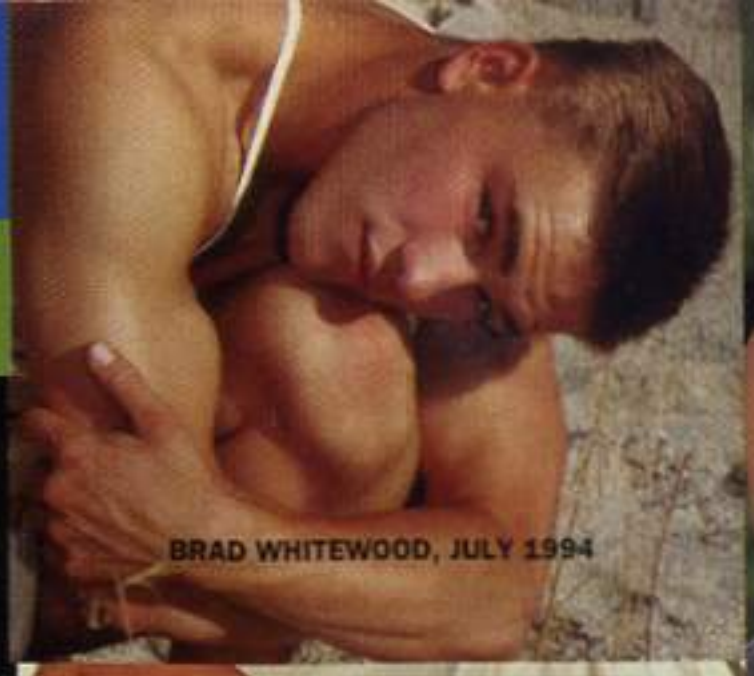

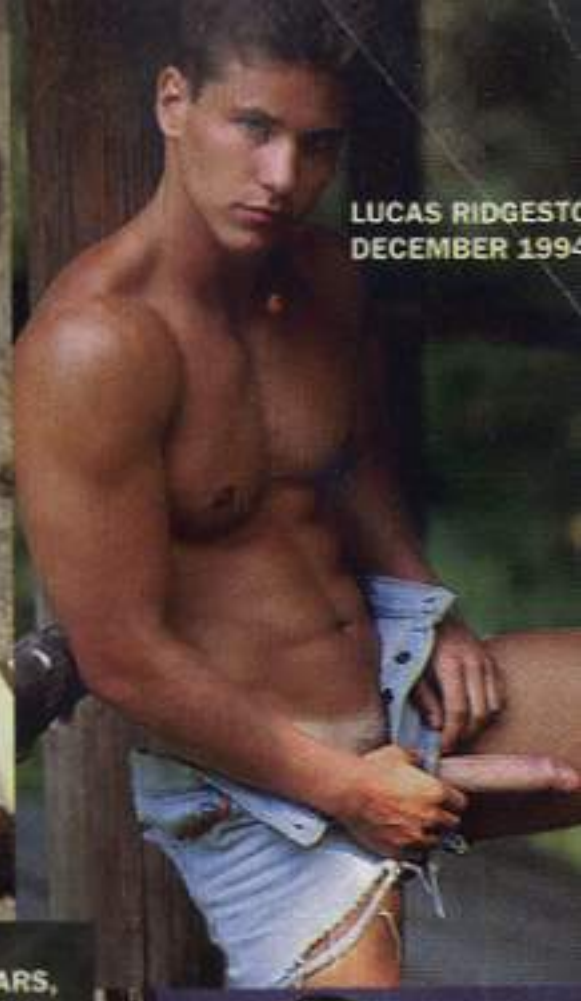

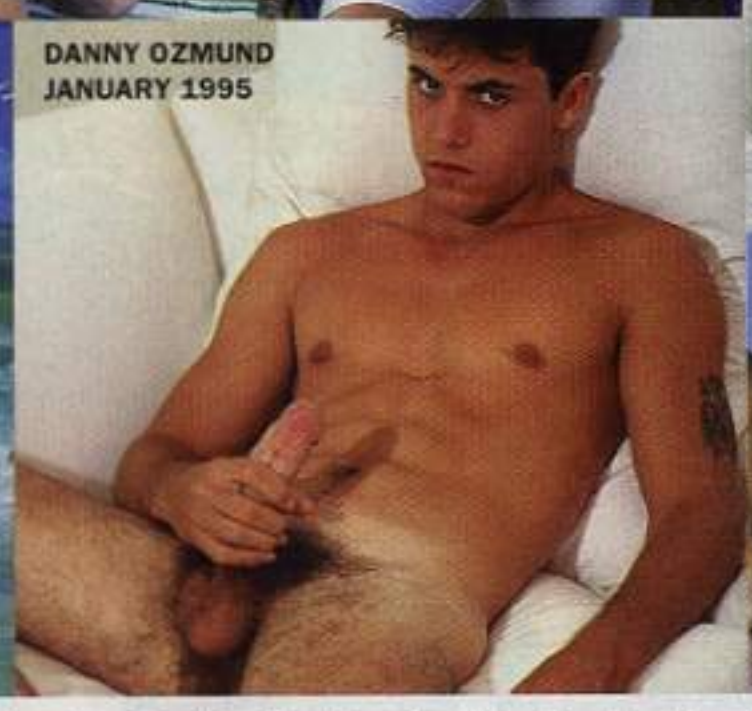

__ **AUGUST 1992** (279208) Models: Steve Davison, Rexx Stocker, Pingheu, Tom Farrell— Major Meat: Wes Daniels
__ **SEPTEMBER 1992** (279209) Models: Martin Paris, Vic Hall, R. Belafonte, Aaron Gun — Major Meat: Cody James
__ **MARCH 1993** (279303) Models: Jason Andrews, Lucas Ridgeston, Mark Taylor, C.J. — Major Meat: Randy Mixer
__ **MAY 1993** (279305) Models: Jason Stevens, Randy, Paul Stephens, Sergei Petrov — Major Meat: Chip Daniels
__ **JUNE 1993** (279306) Models: Pietro, Chuckie D., David Rathette, Frankie Halen — Major Meat: Rick Pantera
__ **SEPTEMBER 1993** (279309) Models: Randy Mixer, Peter Volp, Darryl White, Ian Christoph — Major Meat: Randy White
__ **NOVEMBER 1993** (279311) Models: Rudy Vasquez, Victor Boyd, Danny Clarke, Chris Matt — Major Meat: Zak Spears
__ **DECEMBER 1993** (279312) Models: Johnny Rey, Derek Cruise, Christopher Matt, Jesse — Major Meat: Taz Action
__ **APRIL 1994** (279404) Models: Francis Scott, Jeff Dillon, Joe Luger, Ernie Cunningham— Major Meat: Marco Rossi
__ **MAY 1994** (279405) Models: Aaron Austin, Max Stanley, Willy James, Surf Pups — Major Meat: Steve Maverick
__ **JUNE 1994** (279406) Models: Joe Schneider, Tony Idol, Sammy Liszt, Tony — Major Meat: Devyn Foster
__ **JULY 1994** (279407) Models: Paul Montana, Skip Marks, Tony Roosevelt, Brad Whitewood — Major Meat: Tom Katt
__ **AUGUST 1994** (279408) Models: Bo Summers, Adrian Gere, James Blackburn, Chad Donovan — Major Meat: Dave Logan
__ **SEPTEMBER 1994** (279409) Models: Ken Dahl, Dillon Clark, Ariel, Ray Trask — Major Meat: Alec Powers
__ **OCTOBER 1994** (279410) Models: Steve Nars, Roman Tabac, Adam Wilde, Richie Santos — Major Meat: Dylan
__ **NOVEMBER 1994** (279411) Sports Special. Models: Sports Nuts, Stretch Pearson, Lenny Brockton, More Sports Nuts — Major Meat: Justin Young
__ **DECEMBER 1994** (279412) Models: Anton Pittner, Lucas Ridgeston, Gary Dean, Tony Farrari — Major Meat: Claude Jordan
__ **JANUARY 1995** (279501) Models: Rick Lawrence, Benny Drew, Danny Ozmond, Tom Turrel — Major Meat: Cort Stevens
__ **FEBRUARY 1995** (279502) Models: Devin Michaels, Benjy Sanders, Joey Wood, Louis Friar — Major Meat: Dino Phillips
__ **MARCH 1995** (279503) Models: Zach Daniels , Alexander Strauss, Stan Pajet, Dane Thomas — Major Meat: Alex Wilde
__ **APRIL 1995** (279504) Models: Brandon Hunter, Marty Bevins, Leo Husek, Eddie Cochran — Major Meat: Wolff
__ **MAY 1995** (279505) Models: Underwear shots, Kevin Kramer, Leonardo, Peter Corman — Major Meat: Vince Rockland

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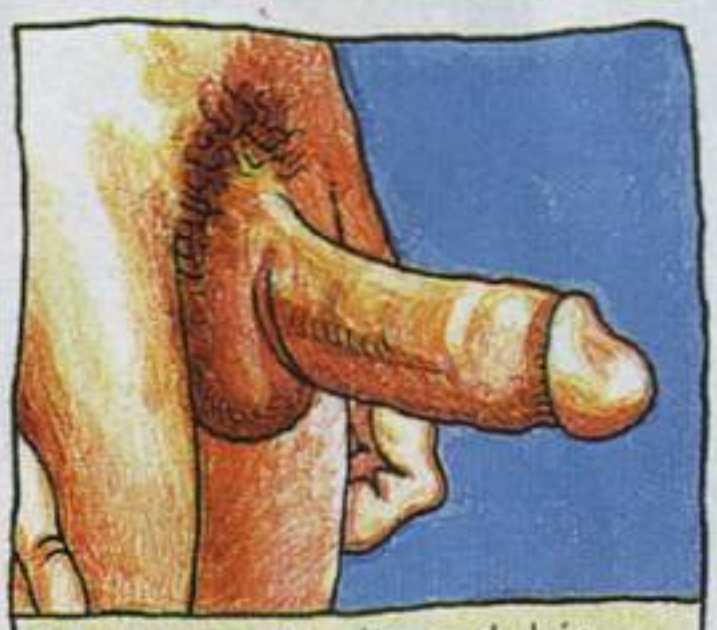
Dicks for Days!

By Craig Brown '95

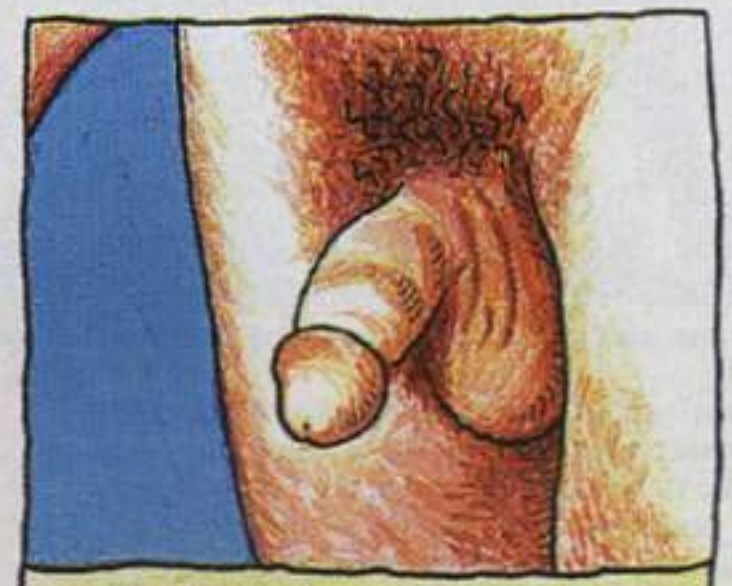
ROD: A "full service" garage mechanic who likes nothing better than getting stuffed by a fat cock.



BILLY BOB: He got his muscles working in the meatpacking plant and knows how to use them in all sorts of ways.

MIKE: We played strip poker once a week. He usually lost and paid the penalties!

CHARLIE: Fireman by day, exhibitionist by night.



LI'L JOHN: A bag boy at the Piggly Wiggly who once came five times in one hour.

CHIP: His piss hole sparkles when he's in heat.

FRENCHY: A county jail come guzzler who'd do ANYTHING to please his old man.

T-BONE: Licking and sucking smelly jock-straps makes his jizz hose jump.

PETE: A real truck stop treat!!

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